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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POLITICAL RIVALRIES IN BOLIVIA

THE recent revolution in Bolivia has called attention to a critical situation in South America, where problems which have existed since the Treaty of Ancón, in 1883, are pressing for solution. It will be recalled that Bolivia and Peru were allies in the war with Chile, and that as an outcome of the war Bolivia lost direct access to the sea. Recently Chile has attempted to reach an understanding with Bolivia which would give that country port facilities trespassing upon rights claimed by Peru. The United States has made very clear in recent precise and categorical notes to the foreign offices of Bolivia and Chile its disapproval of proceedings likely to involve any of these countries in armed controversies. Aversion to a war is also strong in the three Republics. Both the Spanish and Spanish-American press recently commented favorably upon the toast addressed by Admiral Cortes, Commander of the mobile fleet of the Chilean navy, to the Bolivian Minister to Chile, at a reception to the latter on board the Chilean cruiser O'Higgins. The toast was as follows:

'I drink to you, Mr. Minister, in the hope that Bolivia's aspirations to have an outlet to the

Pacific Ocean will speedily be realized, and that the light clouds which have appeared upon the international horizon will soon be dissipated. The nations of Latin America are brother nations. Brothers may quarrel, but behind their quarrels is always the memory of their common blood, and sooner or later they again recognize the family tie. I have always believed that we citizens of this continent should not call ourselves Brazilians, or Argentinians, or Chilians, or Peruvians, or Bolivians, but Latin American brothers. Since nature has united us so intimately, it is irrational for us to create artificial differences. Let us cultivate unity and harmony, and join in our forces for mutual development. If we are united we shall be great, rich, and respected. If we are not united we shall be destroyed. I drink to your health, Mr. Minister, in the hope that Chile, Peru, and Bolivia, will, in the near future, be joined in an enduring fraternal union.'

However, recent events suggest that both Chile and Peru are intriguing for Bolivia's support, and that the party favoring the latter country has for the moment succeeded in gaining political control through a revolution. A correspondent of *El Socialista* of Madrid, predicts a general South American war, and asserts that the Argentine will certainly support Peru in case a conflict occurs.

At the same time a Chile correspondent of the *London Statist*, in discussing the recent presidential election in that country, comments as follows:

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Chile, like the rest of the world, is suffering from a wave of discontent, a general feeling of unrest, and an uncertain vague feeling that changes are impending. It is coming more and more to be realized that it is exceedingly doubtful if the war and its economic effects have had a result of fomenting the general unrest, or whether the general unrest was not the contributing cause that led to the war. The feeling is growing that it is a neck-and-neck race between the unrestful feelings which prevail at the present time, and an attempt on the part of the great armed Powers to secure a period of tranquility by obtaining territorial aggrandizement. No one who is old enough to remember the period that preceded the outbreak of the recent war, will deny that what we call unrest prevailed throughout every country in the world. The war has settled nothing; there is the gravest apprehension everywhere of how long peace will be maintained; there is already renewed fighting in various parts of the world, notably in Persia and the Near East; the great armed Powers have failed to obtain the expansion for their energies which they hoped for; and, in the net result, all the great belligerent countries are loaded with debt, and are threatened more or less with disaster.

Chile was not a belligerent. The one great product which she had to sell in large quantities was in demand, and in demand to an extent which she had never known in the whole course of her history. In a sense, she is enjoying a period of remarkable prosperity. But in Chile, also, there is a feeling of unrest. The unrest, however, in Chile, as elsewhere, at the present time, extends to all classes of the population. The highly-intelligent and socially well-placed classes feel that different methods will require to be adopted if organized society is to continue to exist; and this feeling is as strong in the non-belligerent countries in the recent war as it is amongst the belligerent countries. The mass of the people, who in Chile are mainly peasants, like the mass of people in all countries, have a vague feeling that change is going to benefit them; but they have no well-defined feeling of what that change is likely to be, and in what sense it can reasonably be expected to benefit them, or anyone else.

THE BLOCKADE OF HUNGARY

OUR latest press accounts from Europe indicate that the Trade Union blockade of Hungary has proved effective. Freight traffic both by land and water has been completely stopped, railway communication between Aus-

tria and Hungary being entirely suspended. After some delay, postal and telegraphic service ceased, except with Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Roumania. As a result of stoppage of supplies, food prices have fallen in Budapest, since Hungary has no way of exporting its surplus provisions. However, the boycott has affected food prices at Vienna adversely, although on account of the neutralization of the Danube provisions are still coming through from the Balkan States.

The Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* reports that at a session of the Hungarian Parliament held on June 25, the Minister of Finance, Baron Koranyi, declared that the National army was ruining the country. Since its organization it had cost sixteen billion crowns. The army embraced forty thousand officers, and an officer cost the government sixty-two thousand crowns (*sic*) annually. This does not include the cost of army incidentals. For instance, officers are constantly traveling through the country in automobiles. A long trip of this kind costs the government from 100 to 150,000 crowns. The Minister insisted that this army of officers must be disarmed and disbanded, and the civil service must be curtailed. Without counting the payments it was obligated to make under the Peace Treaty, the country faced a deficit of five billion crowns; and the boycott had made the situation decidedly worse. While the government insists upon a state grain monopoly and disbanding the army, the peasants threaten to revolt if the grain monopoly is introduced, and the army threatens to mutiny if it is demobilized.

HOUSEMAIDS' RIGHTS IN AUSTRIA

AUSTRIA has recently passed a law regulating the working conditions of domestic servants in towns of more

than five thousand population. Among the principal provisions of this law is one requiring that a maidservant of sixteen years of age or over shall have a minimum of nine hours of uninterrupted rest out of each twenty-four. Maidservants of less than sixteen years of age shall have eleven hours' rest. The only exceptions are in case of illness in the employer's family. They are to have eight hours' rest in addition either on Sundays or on some other day of the week to be agreed upon. Servants are to have eight days' vacation each year at full pay, plus one-half month's pay additional in compensation for their food and lodging. After two years' employment in the same family a servant is entitled to fourteen days' vacation with one month's pay and additional allowance in lieu of subsistence during that period. After five years the annual vacation becomes three weeks at full pay with a month and a half additional salary. This additional salary must be paid before the vacation begins. Servants are not obligated to accompany the families of their employers from the country to the city or the city to the country.

POLAND AND THE JEWS

THE British Foreign Office has just published Sir Stewart Samuel's report on his mission to Poland to investigate the massacres and persecutions of the Jews in that country shortly after the armistice. Most of the outbreaks took place in the war zones or their immediate vicinity. It is estimated that of some 348 Jews killed only 18 lost their lives in Poland proper. In the Ukraine, however, the situation was much worse, and the massacres of Jews in that region are said to have no parallel except the slaughter of Armenians in the Turkish Empire. The very completeness with which the massacres were

carried out has prevented the details from being known. Towns of several thousand Jewish inhabitants have apparently been utterly wiped out. In addition to these massacres and other forms of persecution a bitter boycott of the Jews has been inaugurated in Poland, which has resulted in largely eliminating people of that race from official employment, including railway service, in hampering their attendance at universities, and in interfering with their business enterprises.

D'ANNUNZIO'S MILITARY PRINCIPALITY

FIUME is still recognized as a focus of danger in Europe. D'Annunzio's little military principality embraces an area of less than 12 square miles and a population of about 50,000 people, of whom 35,000 are Italians. It is governed by a Cabinet whose head is a former Socialist delegate in the Italian Parliament. A complete civil government is nominally functioning side by side with the military control. This government maintains no official relations with that of Italy, and as the article we print this week indicates, the Italians are maintaining a nominal blockade against D'Annunzio's realm.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* who recently interviewed D'Annunzio summarizes his impressions as follows:

I would say that D'Annunzio is here in obedience to his interpretation of the moral law. We may differ from him. He has certainly brought trouble and embarrassment upon us. We should not forget that we owe him a debt of gratitude, for had it not been for his passionate eloquence, Italy might possibly never have stood in arms by our side. That same white heat of his soul, which whirled Italy headlong into the war, is what brought the man himself into Fiume last September. He feeds his followers on poetry. The curious thing is that they swallow it, and are manifestly nourished.

He has his difficulties. Enthusiasm alone may puff a crowd sky-high for a day or two, but it will

not keep it there for nine months. People are depressed when they look at the empty shops, the silent warehouses, the grass growing between the flagstones of the wharves. Many of the business men, I gather, are bitter against him now, however they may have shouted with the rest at the beginning. Fiestas, bands of music, reviews, are all very well, but every now and then a wave of pessimism passes over the city. Then he makes them a speech, and does what he likes with them. As the magnificent periods unfold themselves, all doubts and difficulties disappear; the crowd dances to the tune he pipes, he twists them round his little finger. And all is right till the next time.

EUROPE DEALS WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

THE United States is not the only country that is abolishing or curtailing the liquor traffic. In 1907 and 1908 the Finnish Parliament adopted a prohibition law which was approved by a referendum to the people, but was prevented from going into effect by the Russian government. Immediately after the country attained its independence the law was reenacted and went into force last summer. It prohibits the manufacture, importation or sale of intoxicating liquors containing more than two per cent of alcohol, and provides no compensation for manufacturers and dealers previously engaged in the business.

Belgium has prohibited since last September the sale of distilled liquors in bars, hotels, restaurants, and other public places, for consumption on the spot. Liquors can still be bought in limited quantities at licensed houses for consumption at home. However, the law provides for gradually decreasing the number of licensed houses and increasing their fees.

Norway, which passed restrictive laws in 1916 and 1917, adopted a plebiscite last October forbidding the manufacture or sale of distilled liquors. This law has not gone completely into operation on account of the protests of

certain foreign powers interested in the liquor trade, especially France.

Italy and some of the Swiss cantons have recently adopted laws limiting the number of licensed houses in proportion to the population, and in Sweden and Denmark legislation has been enacted confining the alcoholic content of intoxicating liquors within certain prescribed percentages.

GENERALS FOR PORTERS IN VIENNA

VIENNA presents a striking illustration of the economic decline of the middle classes as the result of the war and revolution. The following comparison of average annual incomes in that city is quoted from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

	Crowns
Hotel porters and head waiters,	100,000
Journeyman shoemakers,	90,000
Tailors,	80,000
Journeyman joiners,	48,000
University professors (20 years' service),	40,000
Director of the Vienna Municipal Council,	37,000
High officers of justice,	25,000
Gasworkers (auxiliary)	25,000
Lamplighters,	20,000
Assisting surgeons,	15,000

Among the applicants for the post of porter at a large Vienna hotel, recently, were a major-general, three colonels, and several lieutenant-colonels.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE LEAGUE

At a meeting recently held at Gray's Inn Hall, London, to promote the League of Nations, the Lord Chancellor made an address in which he laid much stress upon the necessity of America's eventual coöperation, even though that coöperation be hedged around by important reservations. In concluding he said:

'I don't think that any man does any great service to the cause of the League of Nations by talking over-confidently about its present or its future. Still less do I think any advocate helps that cause by overlooking or ignoring the stupendous difficulties which lie in its way; but I claim that no nobler, no worthier, and no more necessary duty lies at the door of every honest and patriotic citizen of this country and of all great civilized countries of the world than to try with all his power to understand these difficulties, grapple with them, and defeat them. They can be grappled with, and they can be defeated, if an immense effort is made on behalf of all civilized nations.

GENERAL SMUTS ON THE LEAGUE

It will be recalled that General Smuts, the representative of South Africa at Paris, signed the Versailles Treaty under protest, and that he won an equivocal victory in the recent South African election as a defender of the League. His recent speech in the South African Parliament, replying in the debate on the League of Nations, is a confession of his disappointment in regard to the latter's success. He attributes the failure of the League mainly to three things. The first of these is the defection of America, which is the only country powerful enough to give it an effective start. The second is the usurpation of the functions of the League by the Supreme Council. After Japan and the United States stood apart from the work of the council, the control of international affairs fell largely into the hands of a triumvirate, consisting of the premiers of Great Britain, France and Italy. Since the last of these countries is now involved in critical internal difficulties, Great Britain and France have become largely responsible for the conduct of world affairs. The third great blow to

the League of Nations, in his opinion, is the Polish war, which had done more to make people realize its impotency than any other of the many disappointing incidents which have occurred since its formation.

JAPAN AND SIBERIA

COMMENTING upon the present situation in Eastern Siberia, the Tokyo correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that there is reason to fear lest the independence of both China and Siberia may be menaced or sacrificed to the selfish interest of Occidental finance under the protection and guaranty of Japan. People familiar with the Far East are skeptical as to the success of such a policy, inasmuch as former assurances and guaranties of equal treatment have in no way prevented the Japanese from affording their own nationals great advantages over their western competitors in the commerce of the regions already within the jurisdiction. In continuation this correspondent says:

Recently three parties of distinguished American financiers, led by a Mr. Alexander, of San Francisco, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of the J. Pierpont Morgan firm of New York, and another party under the leadership of Mr. Vanderlip, of New York, respectively, have been holding unofficial conferences with Japanese of corresponding place and distinction in regard to differences of opinion with the United States. The Siberian question has been one of the most knotty under discussion, and also the Shantung question. It is not likely that the Japanese expect much to result from these conferences, as they are prone to regard their visitors as coming mainly to spy out the land. But there is much in the assertion of Mr. Vanderlip that if the ambitions of Japan are as altruistic and disinterested as he has been assured in Tokyo, America must support Japan through thick and thin; but if he has been deceived America must oppose Japan at all costs.

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THE NEXT WAR

BY G. D. H. COLE

It is worth while for those who are now inclined, with a shrug of the shoulders, to acquiesce in the present foreign policy of the Allies, and to condone the re-arming of Europe which is still proceeding apace, to consider for a moment what 'the next war' will probably be like. For it is undoubtedly true that every political cause of war which existed before 1914 is rapidly finding its counterpart in the situation which now exists in Europe, and that, so far from having made the world safe for an epoch of peaceful development, our statesmen have done their best to leave it, when all the Peace Treaties are signed, with the trains of gun-powder carefully laid to every magazine, and matches lying loose about the place in all directions. Perhaps there are some minds which do not regret this situation, or even find a curious satisfaction in the thought that the natural pugnacity of man runs no present risk of atrophy.

Even if it has settled no problems, the late war has at least profoundly changed the psychology of Europe, and especially of the industrial classes. It is probably true, as many observers maintain, that a successful revolution could not have taken place, or at least could not have held its ground, in Russia, but for the conditions produced, both in Russia and in other countries, by the war. At all events war is the most fertile breeding-ground of revolutions. Under present-day industrial conditions the profound disturbance in industry and among the

industrial population produced by war, creates exactly the conditions which are most favorable to violent social revolution. During the late war, we in this country never passed beyond the stage of small semi-revolutionary movements such as those of the shop stewards; but it is significant that these movements arose precisely in those industries, such as engineering and mining, which, being most essential to the conduct of the war, were most affected and transformed by it, and were compelled to retain at home the largest proportion of young men. One reason why we never went further than the comparative mildness of workshop agitation was that the definite anti-war party in this country was in 1914 at least a very small minority. A second was that, here at home the war never came home to us with anything like the intensity with which it came home on the continent.

It is safe, however, to say that, under whatever conceivable circumstances the next war — that is, the next great European war — might be fought, there would be, in every country in Europe at least, a very large minority of people altogether opposed to it, and probably in some cases a majority. Moreover, if it came at all soon, it would come upon countries materially exhausted; and whenever it came, the problems of financing it would altogether dwarf those of financing the great war from which we have emerged. Beginning under these auspices, with at any rate a substantial

minority of the population against it, a great war would put a quite impossible strain on the already yielding, and, in places, worn-out structure of our present social system. It would be impossible for the governments by any means to check the spread of anti-war propaganda: it would be impossible for them to prevent the uprising of a proletarian movement of revolt on a very much larger scale, and with a very much wider objective, than the movements which existed during the late war. In most countries it would be very difficult for them to keep their populations fed and clothed; and the occurrence of the bread riots which so often form the spark that fires the revolutionary train would be, in several countries at least, only a matter of a comparatively short time. In fact, revolution in some countries would be practically inevitable, and revolution in others would be extremely likely to follow.

Moreover, it is very difficult to resist the conclusion that if we could not manage the affairs of Europe better than to plunge into another great war, revolution would be not only probable, but would appear actually necessary and desirable to a very large part of the population. It would prove the utter bankruptcy of the present diplomacies and governments of Europe, and would lend strong color to the view that there is no way out of their bunglings except by a clean sweep of them all. The making of wars is too serious a matter for the peoples to afford to give those who bungle one European settlement the chance of bungling another. It is therefore necessary for those who believe that the ills of the world and of the present economic system can be cured without a violent revolution to show that, although the peace has so far been made so complete a mess of as to render the

risk of further wars very great indeed, there is still hope left in the present situation that can be turned to full advantage, and still a chance that the possible commitments which we have taken up can be discarded. Certainly the one hope for those who believe in a peaceful transformation of society lies not merely in the revision of the Peace Treaties, but in the definite 'scrapping' of most of their economic and many of their territorial clauses.

The French government, fresh from the bloodless victory over the premature and ill-considered semi-revolutionary movement of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, will perhaps take the view that this conception of the danger is exaggerated, and that it, and the lesser countries which it so lightly urges on to deeds of blood, will be able to stand the strain even of another war. But the case of Poland may well serve as a warning. For, although there is probably no immediate likelihood of a Polish revolution, there can be no doubt that, when the tide finally turns, and the defeat of the Polish megalomaniacs and their abettors in their war of simple aggression against Russia becomes manifest, the internal situation of Poland will at once become one of extreme peril, and the chances of revolution very great indeed. A defeated Poland will largely reproduce the conditions of Russia in 1917, and there is a good chance that like causes will lead to like results.

Of course, it is possible to hold that, whatever may happen in Europe in the 'next war,' we at least are safe and can wash our hands of it. But, apart from the fact that no one but a lunatic can afford to wash his hands of what happens in Europe, should we ourselves be safe? There are two reasons at least why we should not. In the first place, we have succeeded in unsettling and setting by the ears, not

only Europe, but the whole East. A new war would confront us simultaneously with an extreme reluctance of many Englishmen — to say nothing of Irishmen — to fight on the side of our rulers, and with the immediate probability of a general uprising in the East. Nor would our self-governing Dominions be likely to take too lenient a view of those who had brought the British Empire into another war. At the least there would be 'trouble' in South Africa, and there might well be actual disruption. And while these things were taking place abroad, while Ireland, India, Egypt, and Africa, to say nothing of Persia and other of our new commitments, were in a ferment, our government would have to combat an increasing reluctance of our population either to fight or to produce the wherewithal. This would happen even if our cause were a comparatively good one as causes go. Still more would it happen, of course if the war were merely a futile and hopeless squabble, such as might so easily arise out of the Peace Treaties, and in relation to which right and wrong would have hardly a meaning at all. And it would happen most of all if our cause were definitely bad — if, for example, we were fighting Russia in the interests of European capitalism.

There are, doubtless, many people to whom this will seem a quite unduly hypothetical and unreal discussion. But is it? Is it not rather the logical outcome of the policy which we have actually been pursuing, especially in our relations with Russia, and to a great extent also in the Turkish Treaty, and in our treatment of Germany? We are committed up to the eyes to settlements which are no settlements at all, but mere displays of the brute-force — often quite inadequate brute-force at that — of the conquerors. And, in Eastern and Central Europe

we are even now, despite official denials, deliberately preventing pacification and encouraging and abetting the war-makers, with a disregard of wider consequences which is astonishing even in our Elder Statesmen.

In such a situation, the psychology of the returned soldier, which is peculiar in several ways, is a factor which has to be taken into account. The man who has had an actual experience of war is, in one way, much less ready, and, in another, much more ready, to shoot. He knows what war is like, and he has no wish to go through the experience of it again. But, on the other hand, he is not a conscientious objector! He is able to handle a weapon, and he has not that psychological inhibition against violence which he had before his spell of pain and discomfort in the trenches of France or Flanders. On whichever side he finds himself in a future upheaval, he is far more likely to shoot than even the most class-conscious revolutionary who has had no direct contact with the war. It is not that the returned soldier is usually a revolutionary by conviction, or that he goes about his daily work meditating deeds of blood. Far from it. But he has got used to the idea of conducting an argument with the aid of a machine gun, and he has been taught by his rulers and leaders that this is the proper way of conducting one. It is an inevitable consequence of war that the strong inhibition of the ordinary civilized man against the personal employment of violence is to some extent broken down. That, indeed, is a large part of the case against war.

It is necessary that these somewhat gloomy reflections should be brought home to our minds if we are to be led to comport ourselves sensibly in our present situation. For a failure to imagine what would be the consequences, here in this country, of a re-

newed plunging of all Europe into war is the condition most likely to lead to such a result. If we take comparatively little interest in the Peace Treaties — in the successive blunders, hucksterings, and 'fake' settlements of the Supreme Council and the Conference of Ambassadors — it is because we fail to realize how immense and direct may be their influence on the future course of our lives and in the destiny of our own country. If we fail to realize that even the continuance of our present relations with Russia is bound to lead to utter confusion, and probably to vast wars, in the East, and that India and Egypt will share to the full in these troubles; and if we watch, for the most part, apathetically the slow strangling of the new-born League of Nations, it is because, even if we have a dim consciousness that these things do matter to us, we have an even stronger sense of our own impotence to affect the course of events.

That way lies nothing but disaster, which we shall have merited if we have failed wholly to show to our rulers a better way. Public opinion is, indeed, difficult to mobilize, save in a quite direct and simple issue. But we have before us, and have had before us for months, an issue which is both the key to all the rest, and, in itself, utterly simple and direct. That issue is the issue of peace with Russia — of a real peace which will make possible the beginnings of a real settlement, both in Europe and in the East. There is no

doubt at all that public opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of such a course. Nobody outside clubland and the circle in which refugees move wants to fight Russia. Nobody outside capitalist circles has the smallest desire to annex huge territories merely because they contain oil or coal or iron. But public opinion counts for nothing against capitalism until and unless it is mobilized, and the mobilization of public opinion is the task which is now before us. One power which we can call to our aid for this awakening is the power of imagination; for if we can only make men and women realize what the next war will be like if they allow it to come — as Sir Henry Wilson and others hint that it is coming already — we can rely upon them, and especially on those who had personal experience of the last war, to take considerable trouble to avoid a far worse repetition of it. We must make them see that it is their business to prevent war, and that, in default of action by them, war will inevitably follow the vindictive and stupid Peace Treaties which we and our Allies have made.

The 'next war' is not yet inevitable. And if, instead of talking about it vaguely and carelessly, we endeavor clearly to picture to ourselves and for others its nature and its inevitable consequences, we shall be taking the best means of saving ourselves from experiencing those consequences before long in our own lives.

TWO ASPECTS OF VIENNA

BY RENATO LA VALLE

VIENNA, *June.*

THE Vienna of sorrow and privation is no new discovery for a journalist; but the Vienna which still pursues a life of gayety and amusement, though it may disconcert the observer for a moment, affords him perhaps an even better key to the real psychology of the Viennese. It was the mental attitude of the merry, care-free days before the war which led to the present catastrophe; and it is the mental attitude of the wild days of defeat and revolution which has developed into the present mute, resigned acquiescence of the masses in their hopeless condition of misery and despair.

This key serves the observer quite as well, when he penetrates beyond the luxurious and prodigal quarters of the city to those desolate suburbs where hunger literally takes its daily toll of the population, and where the suffering of the living is more terrible to see than death itself. For Vienna has two aspects, two lives, two different kinds of despair. Nevertheless the real state of mind is the same in both cases, — among those who have the means to continue living in luxury to the accompaniment of music and gay company, and among those who suffer starvation in a double sense; starvation from lack of food and from lack of pleasure. Vienna's gay life is represented by its still exquisite cuisine, by the intoxication of the waltz, by the savor of fine wines; by a Turk-like addiction to good coffee; by easy going indifference to the future; by devotion to the fine

arts; by countless orchestras, well-kept gardens, and comfortable homes; by daily attendance at the theatre and weekly outings to the Semmering, or to the Vienna forest, or along the banks of the Danube. Contrasted with all this, the misery and privation which are permanent visitors in the homes of the people to-day resemble a dramatic climax conceived by the imagination of a Dante. It is a universal fall from paradise; for Vienna was formerly a city in which there were no paupers, no beggars — where everyone shared in some degree in the general well-being.

A suffering of expiation! A suffering increased rather than relieved by providing food enough to live — but to live tortured by the pangs of constant hunger! The situation is different from that in Italy, where people accommodate themselves easily to poverty, and a pound of flour will kindle a glow of satisfaction on a haggard face. Here in Vienna no amount of charity can still the agony with which men look back to their former happy days of plenty. Moreover, the Viennese, accustomed all their lives to an abundant table, actually require more food than we Italians. This explains the criticism we sometimes hear, to the effect that Vienna consumes enough provisions even to-day to supply all Italy.

But to see these aspects of the tragedy in which the city is submerged a visitor must go outside the section where profiteers, and people of in-

herited wealth, and prodigal foreigners reside. He will not find it even in the homes of highly paid wage earners, where the problem of supporting life is rather one of finding food to buy, than of procuring money with which to buy it. I do not mean to suggest that the working people of Vienna have all they need, or that the increase in wages has been in proportion to the rise in the cost of living and the fall of the value of money. Still they eke out an existence. The acute distress is found among the middle classes — in the petty bourgeoisie that before the war lived very comfortably with practically no wants unfulfilled. It is composed of salaried employees, government clerks, professional men, and people of small independent incomes. These are the ones who have suffered most acutely from the war and the chaos produced by the revolution.

I have witnessed the drama of their lives first hand, day by day for almost two years, and my heart is not yet callous. Accompanied by an agent of a relief committee, whose mission it was to inquire into the condition of the countless families asking for assistance, I visited recently some twenty homes, whence laughter and happiness have completely vanished, where the spectre of hunger is a daily visitor; and yet where the previous abundance is still a vivid memory. The houses still show much evidence of comfort and refinement. Here and there a valuable piece of furniture remains; but the large rooms still richly carpeted give indication that much has already been sold. You see occasional nicknacks and works of art, for which purchasers could not be found, or to which the family still cling for reasons of sentiment; garments carefully repaired, but still suggesting the best shops of Vienna from which they originally came; walls showing where pictures,

perhaps of value, have been removed; grand pianos, from the best makers, around which the family circle formerly gathered, but now used in giving lessons to pupils whose fees eke out a starvation income. In these homes you see hands, obviously unaccustomed to rough labor, emaciated from undernourishment and scarred and spotted by rough domestic service. So you meet everywhere in Vienna the rich of yesterday, unable to comprehend the privations of to-day, overwhelmed by their new condition, driven sometimes to shameless beggary — unfortunates whose primitive instinct of self-preservation has robbed them of every trace of their former dignity and self-respect.

I have seen not merely a score but legions of such dramas. All of the officials, officers, pensioners, and professional men of the old régime are living in this condition of half-starved beggary, selling little by little the last relics of their former days of ease.

Another unfortunate class consists of salaried employees in private industries, who are miserably paid compared with manual workers. To these should be added practically everyone engaged in intellectual pursuits.

Then there are old patrician families, whose estates were situated in the ceded territories, and people of moderate wealth before the war, who have seen what was a small fortune reduced to almost nothing by the depreciation of money. Finally we should add men of large wealth whose funds were invested in forms of property which became an easy prey to the disorders of war and revolution. Last, but not least, are the war cripples, the saddest and most touching, but in one sense the most repellent picture which Vienna offers. The plain truth is that these cripples have been abandoned to their fate. It is true that the pres-

ent government has voted to grant a ridiculously inadequate pension to these men; but up to the present it has refused to put the law into effect. In place of that the authorities have hit upon two measures for their relief — making them match vendors for the state monopoly, and giving them licenses to beg upon the street!

This is the actual fact. While public begging is prohibited by law in Vienna, war-cripples are provided with an official police permit allowing them to appeal to the passer-by for charity. So you see in all the best avenues and squares of Vienna, particularly in quarters frequented by foreigners, in front of the hotels and the Entente missions, blind, armless, legless, and otherwise mutilated war-cripples, still wearing military uniforms, begging for alms. A particularly pitiful case was that of a soldier whom I used to see every morning in front of my hotel. This man had lost both feet, but like all of his companions in misfortune, he had not been supplied with artificial limbs. He supported himself on two rough home-made wooden legs and a pair of crutches. He stood every day awaiting the charity of the passers-by. He could not even stretch out his hands to receive the offerings of those who, touched by his condition, were obliged to drop their gifts into the pocket of his ragged uniform.

Other cripples alternate with their begging working as sandwich men. Accordingly not a morning passes but what you see a long procession of war-cripples parading down the Ring, carrying on their backs the advertisements of some cabaret — certainly a more repellent than appealing spectacle.

This is the other aspect of Vienna, the aspect that the English colonel, Ward, certainly had not seen when he telegraphed to London, whence he had been sent by his government to study

conditions in Austria, that the people were living in comfort and abundance and needed no outside relief. It was a cruel misstatement, but in a certain way a just one. It should have moved the government of the Republic to put a stop to the incredible situation in Vienna, where, instead of buckling down to work and applying themselves to the problem of reconstruction, which is a question of life and death for the people, we find so many continuing the old life of pleasure. This is certainly a symptom of incredible blindness.

For in truth, notwithstanding the enormous prices charged by the theatres, they are filled to their limits daily. A person who wants a seat in the opera must engage it several days beforehand. In the most expensive and fashionable restaurants you cannot get a table at certain hours without waiting for the previous occupants to leave. The cafés are crowded; the moving picture shows are packed; and, in spite of the alleged scarcity of gasoline, the streets are thronged with automobiles. The show windows of the fashionable shops make as fine a display as ever. The delicatessen dealers exhibit their usual array of luxuries. Everywhere there is a superficial appearance of wealth. But the worst scandal in this defeated and ruined metropolis is the night life in the cabarets and bars. Such establishments are so numerous that you cannot count them, and you surely could not count the money that is wasted in them. While the cabarets are compelled by law to close by half past eleven, the bars keep open secretly all night. These are the temples of vice and luxury, where Vienna — the Vienna that still has money — dances and gambles and drinks from nine in the evening until four in the morning. First and foremost, it drinks,

drinks with as great ardor and devotion as if it were performing a religious rite. People drink without limit and without cessation—both men and women. Here is where the substance of Vienna is wasted.

In the cabarets naturally they do not usually drink champagne. It has been replaced by a more moderate sparkling wine, costing 600 crowns a bottle. Please note, I say 600 crowns. Still, if you wish it you can have a bottle of real champagne at a price more easy to imagine than to believe. How many bottles of the imitation champagne, costing 600 crowns, are opened every night in the cabarets and bars of Vienna is difficult to say; but if any statistical enthusiast were to make the computation, I have no doubt he would be appalled by his discovery. In addition to this alleged champagne, there are red wines at 100 and 200 crowns a bottle; there are strawberries and cherries at 100 crowns a plate; there are bonbons and chocolates and pastries at 50 crowns apiece; there are cigarettes for four or five crowns each; there is the director of the orchestra, who politely inquires your favorite piece and to whom you are obligated for a gratuity proportional to the rest of the prices; and there are all the other inducements to prodigality and waste which characterize the night life of any great metropolis. Moreover the victims of this spendthrift mania, instead of rebelling against it, acclaim it. It is safe to assume that each of these 'rounders' leaves every night in one of the hundred resorts of Vienna on an average four or five thousand crowns. Indeed my estimate is, if anything, too low.

Truly, rivers of money flow in Vienna—though, mind you, paper money, and not gold. Two Sundays ago a Derby was run at the Prater. Twenty thousand visitors were present,

and the bets totaled in the neighborhood of eight million crowns. On the following Sunday, which was the last day of the spring circuit, there was a race for the Grand Fashion Prize of 150,000 crowns. Notwithstanding the rain, the attendance was equally large and the bets reached the preceding total. Thousands of private and hired automobiles thronged the thoroughfares on the way back, and the great hotels along the Ring were so crowded that they had to set tables in the corridors and vestibules to take care of the multitude of guests returning from the races. It was quite impossible to get a seat in any fashionable restaurant unless it had been reserved beforehand.

Profiteers? To be sure. But they are so numerous that they seem like the majority of the population. Of course, they are not actually a majority, but their number exceeds all reason. In addition there are other people who have always possessed wealth, and whose fortunes are still more or less intact.

Add to this that in Vienna, where general scarcity reigns, there is always an abundance. It is merely a question of prices. White flour, butter, matches, gasoline, fine fabrics, silk, coal—all these things are dealt in freely between speculators and those who have money. And there are still great numbers of the latter. The restaurants are allowed to serve meat only one day of the week; but if you pay enough you can eat it whenever you wish. The same thing is true of white bread.

Before drawing conclusions from this rapid sketch, fairness compels us to point out that no small part of this crowd of crazy prodigals is composed of foreigners who naturally are better able to pay high prices, because they get the benefit of the low Austrian ex-

change; though this fact does not lessen the evil in the slightest. The present situation is ruinous from an economic standpoint, imprudent from a political standpoint, and immoral from whatever aspect you view it. It is an affront to that other Vienna which is dying with hunger, to the country districts which refuse longer to provision the metropolis, and to foreign countries, particularly the victorious governments. For in truth, a city that has lived for two years upon outside aid, commits an anachronism by giving itself over to this mad prodigality. The most surprising thing is the apathy of the government, which takes no measures to suppress the abuse. Although it has ordered that restaurants and cafés should be closed after 11.30 P.M., it tolerates the secret violation of its orders. It has rationed food; but illicit trading goes on as freely as ever. There is no effective legislation to discourage the free indulgence in a luxury and pleasure, which makes Vienna a city which eats, drinks, smokes, dances, and amuses itself as if it had forgotten yesterday's disaster, to-day's atonement, and to-morrow's judgment.

Stop and consider a moment what the effect would be if this deluge of paper money were spent to feed that other Vienna of which I spoke at the beginning—if this prodigal living were to cease in the interest of the general welfare. Is it not certain that the worst evil that Austria faces to-day—a ruined foreign exchange—would be in the immediate way of betterment? Perchance the new republic would also draw political advantages, both at home and abroad, from such a reform.

But the Austrian democracy has not thought of this egg of Columbus, and

continues to protest its poverty, its need of credit and provisions, and above all, its inability to pay its debts for reparation to the allies. And yet, I repeat, there is not a city in Europe at the present moment where people seem to live more luxuriously than in this merry, self-indulgent Vienna. It has recovered its pleasure seekers, its amusements, and its foibles of old.

To be sure, it is likewise true, that the 'rounders' of to-day neither bear the illustrious names, nor wear the brilliant swords and uniforms, of the old days. Those who have supplanted them in the luxurious night resorts of Vienna are less elegant in their manners and less critical in their taste. But what difference does that make? Vienna has nevertheless recovered the reputation of a city of pleasure, of which it was so proud under the paternal sceptre of the Hapsburgs. Possibly it has thus established a sort of equilibrium between the sadness which burdens more than one heart which has not yet forgotten the country's military disasters, and the heedless, spendthrift quest of pleasure of those, who, had it not been for that disaster, might still be serving customers at the cabarets instead of favoring these establishments with their patronage; or who possibly would still be haggling with some Galician Jew over the price of an old suit of clothes; or who would be dragging impatiently through six days of drudgery in a government office dreaming of some modest excursion into the realms of pleasure on the coming Sunday. For in Austria you can still detect under the frock coat of every profiteer the outlines of a waiter's jacket, the apron knots of a petty huckster, or the cuff protectors of a humble clerk.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I ENTERED Soviet-Russia on May 11 and recrossed the frontier on June 16. The Russian authorities only admitted me on the express condition that I should travel with the British Labor Delegation, a condition with which I was naturally very willing to comply, and which that Delegation kindly allowed me to fulfil. We were conveyed from the frontier to Petrograd, as well as on subsequent journeys, in a special *train de luxe*, covered with mottoes about the Social Revolution and the Proletariat of all countries; we were received everywhere by regiments of soldiers, with the Internationale being played on the regimental band while civilians stood bare-headed and soldiers at the salute; congratulatory orations were made by local leaders and answered by prominent Communists who accompanied us; the entrances to the carriages were guarded by magnificent Bashkir cavalymen in resplendent uniforms; in short, everything was done to make us feel like the Prince of Wales. Innumerable functions were arranged for us: banquets, public meetings, military reviews, etc.

The assumption was that we had come to testify to the solidarity of British Labor with Russian Communism, and on that assumption the utmost possible use was made of us for Bolshevik propaganda. We, on the other hand, desired to ascertain what we could of Russian conditions and Russian methods of government, which was impossible in the atmos-

phere of a royal progress. Hence arose an amicable contest, degenerating at times into a game of hide and seek: while they assured us how splendid the banquet or parade was going to be, we tried to explain how much we should prefer a quiet walk in the streets. I, not being a member of the Delegation, felt less obligation than my companions did to attend at propaganda meetings where one knew the speeches by heart beforehand. In this way, I was able, by the help of neutral interpreters, mostly English or American, to have many conversations with casual people whom I met in the streets or on village greens, and to find out how the whole system appears to the ordinary non-political man and woman. The first five days we spent in Petrograd, the next eleven in Moscow. During this time we were living in daily contact with important men in the government, so that we learned the official point of view without difficulty. I saw also what I could of the intellectuals in both places. We were all allowed complete freedom to see politicians of opposition parties, and we naturally made full use of this freedom. We saw Mensheviks, Social Revolutionaries of different groups, and Anarchists; we saw them without the presence of any Bolsheviks, and they spoke freely after they had overcome their initial fears. I had an hour's talk with Lenin, virtually *tête-à-tête*; I met Trotzky, though only in company; I spent a night in the country with Kamenev; and I saw a great deal of other men, who, though

less known outside Russia, are of considerable importance in the government.

At the end of our time in Moscow, we all felt a desire to see something of the country, and to get in touch with the peasants, since they form about 85 per cent of the population. The government showed the greatest kindness in meeting our wishes, and it was decided that we should travel down the Volga from Nijni Novgorod to Saratov, stopping at many places, large and small, and talking freely with the inhabitants. I found this part of the time extraordinarily instructive. I learned to know more than I should have thought possible of the life and outlook of peasants, village schoolmasters, small Jew traders, and all kinds of people. Unfortunately, my friend, Clifford Allen, fell ill, and my time was much taken up with him. This had, however, one good result, namely, that I was able to go on with the boat to Astrakhan, as he was too ill to be moved off it. This not only gave me further knowledge of the country, but made me acquainted with Sverdlov, Acting Minister of Transport, who was traveling on the boat to organize the movement of oil from Baku up the Volga, and who was one of the ablest as well as kindest people whom I met in Russia. . . .

The Rule of the Proletariat

One of the first things that I discovered after passing the Red Flag which marks the frontier of Soviet Russia, amid a desolate region of marsh, pine wood, and barbed wire entanglements, was the profound difference between the theories of actual Bolsheviks and the version of those theories current among advance Socialists in this country. Friends of Russia here think of the dictatorship of the proletariat as merely a new

form of representative government, in which only working men and women have votes, and the constituencies are partly occupational, not geographical. They think that 'proletariat' means 'proletariat,' but 'dictatorship' does not quite mean 'dictatorship.' This is the opposite of the truth. When a Russian Communist speaks of dictatorship, he means the word literally, but when he speaks of the proletariat, he means the word in a Pickwickian sense. He means the 'class-conscious' part of the proletariat, that is, the Communist Party. He includes people by no means proletarian (such as Lenin and Tchitcherin) who have the right opinions, and he excludes such wage-earners as have not the right opinions, whom he classifies as lackeys of the *bourgeoisie*. The Communist who sincerely believes the party creed is convinced that private property is the root of all evil; he is so certain of this that he shrinks from no measures, however harsh, which seem necessary for constructing and preserving the Communist State. He spares himself as little as he spares others. He works sixteen hours a day, and foregoes his Saturday half-holiday. He volunteers for any difficult or dangerous work which needs to be done, such as clearing away piles of infected corpses left by Koltchak or Denikin. In spite of his position of power and his control of supplies, he lives an austere life. He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order. The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits in the Russian character, and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mahomet. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the

methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik régime while it has to fight private property will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

The Puritan Parallel

These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind, they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races.

In a very novel society, it is natural to seek for historical parallels. The baser side of the present Russian government is most nearly paralleled by the Directoire in France, but on its better side it is closely analogous to the rule of Cromwell. The sincere Communists (and all the older members of the party have proved their sincerity by years of persecution) are not unlike the Puritan soldiers in their stern politico-moral purpose. Cromwell's dealings with Parliament are not unlike Lenin's with the Constituent Assembly. Both, starting from a combination of democracy and religious faith, were driven to sacrifice democracy to religion enforced by military dictatorship. Both tried to compel their countries to live at a higher level of morality and effort than the population found tolerable. Life in modern Russia, as in Puritan England, is in many ways contrary to instinct. And if the Bolsheviks ultimately fall, it will be for the reason for which the Puritans fell: because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together.

Plato's Guardians

Far closer than any actual historical parallel is the parallel of Plato's Republic. The Communist Party corresponds to the guardians; the soldiers have about the same status in both; there is in Russia an attempt to deal with family life more or less as Plato suggested. I suppose it may be assumed that every teacher of Plato throughout the world abhors Bolshevism, and that every Bolshevik regards Plato as an antiquated *bourgeois*. Nevertheless, the parallel is extraordinarily exact between Plato's Republic and the régime which the better Bolsheviks are endeavoring to create.

An Aristocracy

Bolshevism is internally aristocratic and externally militant. The Communists have all the good and bad traits of an aristocracy which is young and vital. They are courageous, energetic, capable of command, always ready to serve the state; on the other hand, they are dictatorial, lacking in ordinary consideration for the plebs, such as their servants, whom they overwork, or the people in the streets, whose lives they endanger by extraordinarily reckless motoring. They are practically the sole possessors of power, and they enjoy innumerable advantages in consequence. Most of them, though far from luxurious, have better food than other people. Only people of some political importance can obtain motor cars or telephones. Permits for railway journeys, for making purchases at the Soviet stores (where prices are about one-fiftieth of what they are in the market), for going to the theatre, and so on, are, of course, easier to obtain for the friends of those in power than for ordinary mortals. In a thousand ways, the Communists have a life which is hap-

pier than that of the rest of the community. Above all, they are less exposed to the unwelcome attentions of the police and the extraordinary commission.

As Internationalists

The Communist theory of international affairs is exceedingly simple. The revolution foretold by Marx, which is to abolish capitalism throughout the world, happened to begin in Russia, though Marxian theory would seem to demand that it should begin in America. In countries where the revolution has not yet broken out, the sole duty of a Communist is to hasten its advent. Agreements with capitalist states can only be makeshifts, and can never amount on either side to a sincere peace. No real good can come to any country without a bloody revolution: English Labor men may fancy that a peaceful evolution is possible, but they will find their mistake. Lenin told me that he hopes to see a Labor government in England, and would wish his supporters to work for it, but solely in order that the futility of Parliamentarism may be conclusively demonstrated to the British working man. Nothing will do any real good except the arming of the proletariat and the disarming of the *bourgeoisie*. Those who preach anything else are social traitors or deluded fools.

Evils of the Revolutionary Theory

For my part, after weighing this theory carefully, and after admitting the whole of its indictment of *bourgeois* capitalism, I find myself definitely and strongly opposed to it. The Third International is an organization which exists to promote the class-war and to hasten the advent of revolution everywhere. My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that Social-

ism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war. The evils of war, especially of civil war, are certain and very great; the gains to be achieved by victory are problematical. In the course of a desperate struggle, the heritage of civilization is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion, and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings. In order to succeed in war, a concentration of power is necessary, and from concentration of power the very same evils flow as from the capitalist concentration of wealth. For these reasons chiefly, I cannot support any movement which aims at world revolution. The damage to civilization done by revolution in one country may be repaired by the influence of another in which there has been no revolution; but in a universal cataclysm civilization might go under for a thousand years. But while I cannot advocate world revolution, I cannot escape from the conclusion that the governments of the leading capitalist countries are doing everything to bring it about. Abuse of our power against Germany, Russia, and India (to say nothing of any other countries) may well bring about our downfall, and produce those very evils which the enemies of Bolshevism most dread.

The true Communist is thoroughly international. Lenin, for example, so far as I could judge, is not more concerned with the interests of Russia than with those of other countries; Russia is, at the moment, the protagonist of the social revolution, and, as such, valuable to the world, but Lenin would sacrifice Russia rather than the revolution, if the alternative should ever arise. This is the orthodox attitude, and is no doubt genuine in many of the leaders. But nationalism is natural and instinctive; through pride in the revolution, it grows again even in

the breasts of Communists. Through the Polish war, the Bolsheviki have acquired the support of national feeling, and their position in the country has been immensely strengthened.

The only time I saw Trotzky was at the Opera in Moscow. The British Labor Delegation were occupying what had been the Tsar's box. After speaking with us in the ante-chamber, he stepped to the front of the box and stood with folded arms while the house cheered itself hoarse. Then he spoke a few sentences, short and sharp, with military precision, winding up by calling for 'three cheers for our brave fellows at the front,' to which the audience responded as a London audience would have responded in the autumn of 1914. Trotzky and the Red army undoubtedly now have behind them a great body of nationalist sentiment. The re-conquest of Asiatic Russia has even revived what is essentially an imperialist way of feeling, though this would be indignantly repudiated by many of those in whom I seemed to detect it. Experience of power is inevitably altering Communist theories, and men who control a vast governmental machine can hardly have quite the same outlook on life as they had when they were hunted fugitives. If the Bolsheviki remain in power, it may be assumed that their Communism will fade, and that they will increasingly resemble any other Asiatic government — for example, our own government in India.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), June 23]

FIUME TO-DAY

BY A NEUTRAL

A PERSON coming from Venice, that aristocratic city of elegance and repose, to restless, busy Trieste, receives an

unpleasant impression from the contrast, in spite of the beauty of the landscape and the importance of the latter port. The heavens overhead were the deepest blue and the sea was perfectly calm as our ship glided almost noiselessly through the water. For a long, long time the campanile of St. Mark's seemed to beckon adieu to us; then for a short period we saw no land. Finally the coast of Istria rose above the horizon. At Venice a gondolier brought us out to our vessel; at Trieste we tied up at a wharf. There were many carriages waiting at the quay, and porters collided with each other in their eagerness to get our luggage. The streets were hot and dusty. We wandered from hotel to hotel vainly seeking accommodations. It was easy for me to make up my mind to leave the same day; for Trieste exhibited all the characteristics of a great seaport; including untidiness and fabulous prices. I will illustrate what I mean by the latter with a single example. The porter who carried my trunk for a trifling distance demanded 30 lire, and in addition a tip to buy a glass of wine. Business is very quiet at Trieste; it has no back country under the Italian flag, and Yugoslavia will ship nothing across its wharfs. Austria and Hungary are not producing enough to make much trade for the city. Czecho-Slovakia seems to prefer Hamburg with its better railway connections. The result is that Trieste is dead, and the merchants of that city have lost much of their enthusiasm for Italy. On the other hand, the Italians are not quite contented with their new fellow citizens. These sentiments do not appear on the surface; but in private conversation they are expressed with the utmost frankness.

I was still entranced with Venice, with its proud palaces, symbols of a great past, with its repose and hauteur;

and I prepared to continue my journey to Fiume that same evening. The information I received at the different ticket offices was utterly discouraging. I was counselled to go anywhere but to Fiume; that frightful anarchy and terror reigned there. D'Annunzio was reported to admit no one. In any case, the Italian authorities would not allow a stranger to pass the borders. These reports seemed authoritative, for Trieste is the next-door harbor to Fiume. In order to get an Italian visé for the latter town, I had to apply first to the military commandant of the department, next to the police. When I arrived there more than a hundred people were in the entrance way, and I decided to try the thing without a visé. When I reached the railway station, there was a long queue of people waiting in front of the ticket office, just as we see in Germany. The train left promptly at six. The route passes through the Carso, where we still saw remnants of the Austrian defenses. It is an impoverished, inhospitable, unforested country, clothed with low shrubbery and sparse withered herbage. Now and then, at long intervals, a few cattle and goats were pasturing. The only buildings were one-story stone cabins. At eleven o'clock that night we arrived at Matuglie, a suburb of Fiume. Here passports were inspected and baggage examined. The Italian authorities at this point are very strict, but they gave me the necessary special visé without a word of discussion. For the first time on my journey my trunk was searched from top to bottom, and every sheet of paper in it was closely examined. On the steamer from Venice I had become acquainted with several Italian officers, who had been at Milan and Rome to get furloughs in order that they might serve in D'Annunzio's legion without becoming deserters.

They piloted me successfully into Fiume, where still stricter inspection is given travelers. It was almost one o'clock in the morning before all these formalities were over, and I finally could hunt for a hotel.

What I saw in Fiume was nothing out of the ordinary. It is a little, well-cared-for, tidy town, partly of modern construction, partly very old. It has a certain elegance which reminds one of Lausanne. Like that city it rises at the foot of a chain of hills, stretching along their base in a long line of gardens. There are only two prominent differences between the cities. Fiume is on the Adriatic, Lausanne is on Lake Geneva. Lausanne has a suggestion of Paris, Fiume has a suggestion of Italy. So far as fashionable garb is concerned, the ladies of Fiume need fear no comparison with those of Lausanne. Traffic is very active on the streets, which are kept clean and in good repair. Countless Italian officers in every conceivable uniform saunter along, flirting with local girls, or hurry through the town in autos. Fiume is not a large place. It has only some fifty thousand inhabitants. Consequently the soldiers completely dominate street life. There are about five thousand of them in the city. The only language you hear is Italian. Slavic is very seldom spoken. This is possibly to be attributed in part to the fact that the Croats, German-Austrians, and Hungarians have voluntarily or involuntarily left the city. But if you order anything in a restaurant, or step into a shop to make a purchase, you suddenly discover that you are dealing with a disguised Austrian. The waiter greets me with: *'Wir hoben koane Zigaretten;* and another directs me with *'Gehn S' die Stross'n da hinauf.'* Even the external evidences of former Austrian rule have not been removed as thoroughly as at

Trieste. Fiume appears to be a very tolerant town. At the railway station you see the station-master going about in his Austrian *chako*; in the city itself you keep meeting officers wearing some Austrian head gear. However, these Austrians are natives of the city. Their late mother Austria, now dead and buried, brought them into the world as Germans; and to-day, when there are no more Austrians, they hardly know where they belong. They take a certain pleasure in favoring a stranger courteously with a bit of their past history. But all that Hungary, which formerly owned the harbor and spent many millions improving it, may have done in the way of imposing its culture and customs on the people, has vanished without leaving a trace. It is by no means uncommon to see a German sign or a German menu card, but I never discovered a single one in Hungarian. A person is struck by the multitudes of cafés. They crowd each other shoulder to shoulder, and there are streets where you see four in a row. Music is heard everywhere. They are playing Tsharda's *Princess*, and other operettas. People sit out on the pavements with a stein of black beer, or sometimes merely a glass of water, on the table in front of them, buried in newspapers. I think I am right in saying that I never saw another place in the world, with the possible exception of Vienna, where men read newspapers with such attention, I might almost say with such religious fervor. In general, the reminiscences of old Austria which one encounters produce a rather melancholy impression. These former Austrians, even when they have some employment, often lead a miserable existence. The second waiter in my hotel is a former colonel in the imperial army, and a recent general staff officer

is to-day a night watchman in Fiume.

The city is especially charming in the evening. Music and laughter are heard from every open window. A soldier sits on a curbstone and plays an ancient love song on the harmonica; out of the harbor front a sailor is drumming a mandolin, while some of his companions dance to his music. All Fiume, young and old, is on its feet. Everyone is promenading, chatting, laughing, giggling. One would suppose it was a city with no cares, a land of perpetual sunshine and May weather. And yet traffic is at a standstill; Fiume is blockaded; not a vessel enters or leaves the harbor. Commerce is dead. Only a few trains are running, and they bring principally provisions for the people. Some discontent may prevail for this reason in mercantile circles, but it does not appear on the surface. All you observe there is enthusiasm. Every house displays an Italian flag, and on every wall and hoarding are posters, bearing the legend 'Italy or death.' I could observe no evidences of distress. A good deal of food is smuggled in from the farms in the Slavic back country. The price of provisions is fully one third lower than in Venice, and about half as much as in Milan. The cost of living is upon the whole far below that in any Italian city. Of course you must pay in lire. If you figure the prices in crowns, which generally pass ten for a lira, you get a different story. One of the characteristic curiosities of Fiume, which possessed very wide autonomy from the days of Maria Theresa to the outbreak of the war, is the fact that it has not a single monument. If the Fiume people had wished to erect a monument they would first have been obliged to put up one in honor of Austria, and since they were not willing to do that, they had none at all.

THE BOYCOTT OF HUNGARY

[*Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal
Republican Daily) June 25]

1. *A Liberal Opinion*

At midnight Saturday, Hungary was isolated from the rest of the world. The International Trade Union Alliance, assuming powers which even the League of Nations does not possess, declared a blockade against that unhappy country. It also appealed to the Western governments to break off all relations with it. The English, French, and Dutch Federations of Labor took the initiative in this barbarous measure, and the German, Austrian, Italian, Czecho-Slovak, and Swiss Federations approved their policy. Telephone communication, railway service and steamship connection between Vienna and Budapest are completely interrupted.

In its proclamation the Swiss Federation of Labor states that Federal employees and officials will not participate in the blockade as yet, but that they will do so if circumstances demand. Meantime it appeals to the working classes and 'to all well-disposed people' not to visit Hungary. We thus see the classes that protested against the employment of the blockade during the war, and who still protest against the blockade against Russia, deliberately setting out to starve a nation which was just making the first halting steps towards recovery, in spite of the extremely harsh peace imposed upon it. The situation is the more deplorable because the International Trade Union Alliance refrained from taking any action to end the abominable government which Bela Kun and his band of brigands set

up in Hungary. Its offence is the greater because it declares that it has adopted this measure in response to the appeal of the Hungarian people.

But the Hungarian nation is not really represented by a few radical intriguers. Without going so far as to agree with the Prime Minister of that country in his assertion that the Hungarian proletariat has nothing whatever to do with the boycott, it should be emphasized that the principal Socialist leaders of that country have stated — subject to certain conditions, it is true — that they are opposed to the blockade, and to the adoption of any similar radical measure at the present moment. It is even thought that these Socialist leaders will try to persuade the Railway Unions to revoke their decision. However this may be, the boycott has not been sought by the Hungarian people. If there is any need of proof, it will be found in the action of the non-Socialist Trade Unions of Austria, which have refused to share in this measure.

In taking the action it did the International Trade Union Alliance is seeking to end what it calls 'the reign of terror' in Hungary. This is the first time that it has presumed to interfere in the domestic affairs of a sovereign state, and we should sound an alarm at once against the novelty and the illegality of such an action, which threatens to set a dangerous precedent. More than that, the action is not justified. Without attempting to excuse the errors of the Hungarian government, it has not merited such an act of hostility. The International Trade Union Alliance has acted on the basis of manifestly biased information. It

asserts for instance, that Hungary is holding 50,000 people under suspicion in concentration camps, and that 5000 have been executed. The reports we received from the Allied Missions and from the delegates of the International Red Cross indicated that these figures are incorrect. They have been multiplied by ten to serve a purpose.

What really inspires the action of the Alliance? Is it simply making a demonstration of its power? If that is its purpose it would have done better to exercise that power by stopping the war. Is it trying to teach the government of Budapest a lesson? It is a needless task, for that government is well aware that the situation it faces is a bad one. That government already has recognized the facts frankly and publicly; and has outlined the measures it proposes to take in order to reestablish law and order, and ensure the safety of life and property. It is unjust and unfair to make the present Cabinet responsible for the feebleness of its predecessor, and to hold it guilty of atrocities which have been committed by individuals. In reading the statement which the Prime Minister and Minister of War recently made in the National Assembly, we discover that the government feels a greater sense of outrage than the International Alliance, at the cruel atrocities perpetrated by certain army officers, and at the agitation conducted by a clique headed by Stephan Friedrich.

One must admit that the Hussar Cabinet was not vigorous enough in repressing the Chauvinist and anti-Semite agitation, which was a natural reaction against Bolshevism. We can well conceive the feelings of the army officers who saw members of their own families tortured and slaughtered by Bela Kun gangsters, and who promptly took into their own hands

the punishment of these villains when they got them in their power. But the government, either on account of its weakness or its excessive tolerance, permitted individual reprisal to go on too long. Certainly military organizations at Budapest have arrogated to themselves police powers, have requisitioned property, and have imprisoned people without warrant or other authority. During the recent election their actions became a scandal; and if Hungary is still suffering from political disorders it owes them to the policy of the sabotage pursued by the legislature itself, which should have been a truly representative defender of all classes and all opinions.

The government was at fault in not suppressing the disorderly temper which manifested itself in the army the moment the very first symptoms appeared. The resulting military disorganization had increased so rapidly that Count Apponyi, in a recent public address, issued a cry of alarm, and declared that if the Cabinet was not strong enough to suppress insubordinate servants he would take over the government himself. Recent incidents throw still further light on the seriousness of the situation. In a provincial town an army officer assaulted a member of the National Assembly, saying: 'We have already settled our account with men more powerful than Members of Parliament.' A man high in public life has disclosed the fact that certain elements wish to install a dictator. A Lieutenant Hejjas has published an open letter accusing certain Members of Parliament, whom he does not specifically name, of spending millions to buy up the army for personal objects. Such incidents, combined with the violent anti-Semite campaign conducted by a group of Stephan Friedrich followers called 'The Wideawakes,' who assert that

the existing Cabinet will not live thirty days, have aroused widespread distrust and indignation, which in turn have been aggravated by unskillful censorship. Hungary is in danger of again becoming the victim of domestic agitation fomented by men locally described as 'self-appointed Messiahs.'

Reduced to its just proportions, this is what the so-called 'White Terror' so abhorred by the International Trade Union Alliance amounts to. It is a reprehensible thing, and it may develop into a military dictatorship; but we should give credit to the patriotic efforts of the Cabinet and the National Assembly to save the situation. First of all, Admiral Horthy, whose good intentions have never been questioned by those who know him, is employing all his influence to restore discipline in the army. The so-called 'strong arm squads,' consisting of irregular groups of soldiers, are being broken up; and General Soss, the new Minister of War, is taking strict measures with the officer corps. Parliament, at a memorable session, has just passed a unanimous vote demanding the reestablishment of law and order.

The only just criticism we can make here is that these efforts have been too long delayed. We should bear in mind, however, that they at least antedated the boycott. The Hungarian Legislature and the Executive have not awaited the threats of foreign Trade Unions in order to take the measures necessary. The International Alliance should have waited long enough to see whether those measures might not be successful, before starting a blockade. Their stupid and criminal act has struck a blow at the Hungarian nation by paralyzing its commerce, exciting the resentment of its reactionaries, and adding to the distress of its working classes. The first

victims of the blockade will be the toilers themselves. Lack of raw materials will close the factories and throw them out of work. The second victims will be the people of Vienna; for Hungary will counter this move by stopping the shipment of vegetables and fruit to Austria.

[*Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Official Socialist Daily), June 29]

II. A Socialist Opinion

The negotiations between the International Trade Union Alliance and the representatives of the Hungarian government have now begun at Vienna. The position which the Trade Union Alliance takes is as clear and unambiguous as the attitude of the Hungarian government is indefinite and vacillating. The Trade Union Alliance does not assume any legislative or administrative authority over Hungary. But inasmuch as the Hungarian government has shown itself incompetent to defend its own working classes and to guarantee them the first rights of citizens, their protection naturally becomes the duty of the International Trade Union Alliance, of which the Hungarian Trade Union Alliance is a member. The boycott is directed against an attempt to intimidate the working people of Hungary and to deprive them of their rights as Trade Unionists and citizens by violence and terror—a violence and terror that have become such a scandal as to be a matter of international concern for the working men of all countries.

Since the attempt to destroy the trade unions of Hungary constitutes a threat to Trade Union rights in every nation, the proletariat is firmly resolved to fight the struggle to the bitter end. The Horthy newspapers

in German-Austria are endeavoring to convince people that the boycott will ruin our own prosperity and benefit Hungary. As a matter of fact, however, German-Austria will be deprived of nothing from the boycott except fresh fruit; while Hungary, in addition to the moral and political pressure thus put upon it by being pilloried for its atrocities before the whole world, will be deprived of indispensable goods. The country is in urgent need of salt. Six hundred carloads destined for that country are now held up on German sidings. Hungary needs print paper for its presses. Not a roll of this has crossed the border. Hungary needs coking coal and other fuel. In all probability the Czecho-Slovak workers will use their power to prevent further coal from going to Hungary, and will divert it instead to German-Austria. The Hungarian government threatens to close the Danube and cut us off from provisions arriving from Yugoslavia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, but it is counting without its host. It forgets that the Danube has been neutralized, and that the Hungarian government has neither the power nor the right to interfere with commerce *via* that route. The Hungarian Prime Minister has been forced to admit these facts publicly; and it is very likely that in doing this, and thus depriving Hungary's previous threats of their force, he was acting under the pressure of the English government, which in turn has been forced by the Labor Party at home to assert itself against the Horthy atrocities. This freedom of the Danube is of the greatest importance in enforcing the boycott, and in creating a situation which will compel the Hungarian government to accept the moderate, humane, and justified demands of the Trade Union Alliance.

Japan Weekly Chronicle (Kobe Anglo-Japanese), April 15]

JAPAN AND SIBERIA

MANY times it has been asserted that Japan is in Siberia only for the purpose of keeping order and preserving property. Many times it has been asserted that Japan is indifferent to the form of government adopted by the Russians, which is their own affair entirely. Originally it was agreed with the Allies that Britain, America, and Japan should send each 7000 men into Siberia for these purposes. Japan immediately sent 100,000, the other 93,000 being dispatched *via* Korea and Manchuria in order to fulfil the terms of the Sino-Japanese Military Agreement, under which Japan undertook to protect the Chinese frontier. Incidentally the Agreement was forced upon China against her will, and Mr. Chen Lu has told the American Chargé d'Affaires that China will on no account coöperate with Japan in making war on the Russians.

It has been stated that as soon as all the Czechs are 'rescued' the Japanese troops will be withdrawn. Vague conditions were added concerning order and safety, which, Japanese critics complained, meant that the promises given were entirely insincere. The event has justified this criticism. We have, to the point of being wearisome, pointed out repeatedly that the presence of the Japanese troops in Siberia created the very conditions which prevent their withdrawal. There has been absolutely no need of them. The whole plan and procedure of intervention has been a disaster. From the Tsarist and from the Bolshevik points of view, and from every intermediate point of view as well, the Japanese intervention has been nothing but destructive. Japanese military operations against the Bolsheviks were con-

fined to the surrounding and destruction with all their inhabitants of certain villages supposed to be Bolshevik. For the rest, the movements of great bodies of Japanese troops only monopolized the rolling-stock that Koltchak needed and reduced his train service to chaos, prevented supplies from reaching him and paralyzed his movements, so that Koltchak's 'death trains' and other horrors were due as much to the mismanagement of the Siberian railway by the Allied Commissions and to its being blocked with Japanese troops as to the indifference and stupidity of the ragged robbers of which the All Russian army consisted. The Japanese command even prevented Koltchak from disciplining his own officers, supporting brigands like Semenoff and Kalmikoff in their insubordination, and finally leaving Koltchak to the vengeance of his enemies. Without the Allies' ammunition, food, uniforms, and munitions of war of all kinds, Koltchak would have never begun his disastrous war on his own country. The Bolsheviks have to thank Japan's intervention for the fact that it failed so dramatically.

Interference for its own sake in the most irritating manner appears to have been the only consistent policy followed in Siberia. That no party received definite support was only a sign that the Japanese military authorities were equally the enemies of all. They professed to be in Siberia only for the purpose of protection, but they have protected nobody and have only wrought havoc. At last, in spite of all playing off of one party against another, Siberia passed into the hands of the Russians! In Asia, as in Europe, the presence of enemies in their country united them. In order to allow the Japanese to act honorably and retire without losing face, they patched up a semi-independent form of govern-

ment, with which relations could have been opened without making the previous verbiage about damming the eastward tide of Bolshevism appear too ridiculous. This did not suit the military authorities at all. The passing of Siberia into a true state of self-determination was the signal for a grand coup. It was apparent that great forbearance would be necessary in the event of misunderstandings and minor collisions, yet, with no better excuse than an alleged sniping of pickets (which the Russians deny) the Japanese troops in the whole of the Maritime Province suddenly surrounded and disarmed the whole of the Russian forces, and treated their prisoners with the greatest indignity. At Nikolsk there was not even the excuse of sniping given. There, it was alleged, the Russians were posting pickets, and this was the signal for an attack of the most unprovoked and bloody description. The Russians resisted strongly, but were overcome by superior numbers, armaments, and position. Judging by the fact that in most places the Japanese casualties were only one or two, against the hundreds of the Russians, it would appear that it was a carefully prearranged coup; but in some places, such as Nikolsk and Habarovsk, there were more, and it is probable that, as in the case of the Great War itself, the militarists who planned the coup got into a panic as military men nearly always do when conspiring against their neighbors' peace, and rushed into the thing prematurely. This view is supported by the frantic hurry with which a combined military and naval force destroyed the great bridge over the Amur — which it will take the best engineering talent in Japan to restore — for no better reason than that they believed that the Russians had an armored train. A few rails torn up are enough to prevent all the armored

trains in the world from passing, but this was not enough. They had to put the unpassable Amur flood between them and that train. Other bridges are also reported to have been destroyed, and a tunnel blown up. We have heard a great deal about the number of bridges that the Bolsheviks have destroyed per month, but there has been nothing to equal this wanton destruction of the bridge above Habarovsk.

What are the intentions of the military authorities? Russians of every class denounce the whole coup as unprovoked and inexcusable. General Or, whose idea of strategy seems to be to throw bombs from upstairs windows at men in the street if he thinks they look suspicious, has succeeded in uniting all Russians against the Japanese. Japan has captured the whole Maritime Province, and has cut it off from communication by land or sea. She has even put one of her own creatures in nominal command of the Russian troops, and caused him to proclaim his entire independence of foreign support. It is stated that the Consular Body at Vladivostok protested against the efflorescence of Russian flags on every public building, and that they have been taken down in consequence. Now, as in the case of Shantung, we must wait for the negotiations which will be demanded prior to withdrawal.

There will not, for the present at any rate, be any alteration in the promise to withdraw, but there may be an attempt to create an independent Russian state. It has often been argued that the Allies had less to fear from Bolshevism than Japan, since

they had the independent Baltic States between them and the Bolsheviks. What could be more simple than to use the Maritime Province, or perhaps all Transbaikalia in the same way as the Allies have used the Baltic States? And what better precedent could there be than the Allies have provided? It will be easy to discover that Transbaikalia is really desperately eager for independence, and depends on Japan's support for getting it. It is true, this development has been much discussed during the past month or two, but one had to be off with the old love before being on with the new, and it became obvious many months ago that all Japan's horses and all Japan's men could never set up Tsarism in Eastern Siberia again. The new programme will presumably be the creation of a moderately democratic state, in which Japan will have a 'special position' compared with which her special position in China will be very weak tea.

Meanwhile we have the military occupation of a friendly country, the disarmament of its forces, the destruction of its communications, the killing of those who resist, the imprisonment of those who surrender, and the hoisting of foreign flags on its public buildings. This is the result of an intervention undertaken for purely pacific purposes and without the slightest intention of interfering with the self-government of the country. Thus have we established public right, made the world safe for democracy, laid sure and firm the principle of self-determination, abolished the old diplomacy, dethroned militarism, and the peaceful settlement of international disputes!

A NEUTRAL VIEW OF IRELAND. III

BY A SWISS CORRESPONDENT

DUBLIN, May 22.

A MODEST two-story building stands next door to the Dublin custom house, which is a monumental British edifice of the Eighteenth Century. The entrance to this little building is as unimposing as that of a private residence. A flight of steps, rather too steep, but having ornate decorations, rises to a public hall, where a visitor usually finds hundreds of people almost any day or evening—people who have no time to change their work-a-day clothing for their Sunday best. This is Liberty Hall, the stronghold of the Irish Labor Party and Trade Union Alliance. When I called, Mr. Tom Johnson, the leader of this party, was sitting in an almost empty room. He is a man with the physiognomy and the urbane manner of a Catholic prelate. Johnson is a Bolshevik and does not deny it. In spite of this he is moderate by temperament and education. He explained to me that it was natural for the town to take the lead over the country in political matters; that had likewise happened in other countries. He thought that certain limitations to the right to vote were justified, and considered the Russian Soviets a most perfect form of government. However, Mr. Johnson maintained 'we are no doctrinaires,' and is not in favor of immediately socializing agriculture, although he believes, as the result of certain small experiments in that direction, that this system would eventually find favor with the peasants.

Tom Johnson is a power in Ireland.

It was he, and not the Sinn Fein executive, that ordered the general strike, which at the last moment forced the government to release the political prisoners who were on a hunger strike. But Mr. Johnson is not only a powerful man, he is likewise a very shrewd one. Northeastern Ireland, where the Unionists constituted a large majority of the population, naturally took no part in this political general strike. It also would have failed in southern Ireland, if the middle classes had not valiantly supported it. In order to overcome the exceedingly bad impression which the defiance of his authority by the Belfast trade unions had occasioned, he shortly afterward called a second strike to better the distressing conditions of the city working men. The long-shoremen, for instance, refused to load Irish butter and bacon, which goes largely to the English market, and took it upon themselves to fix a maximum price for these commodities in Ireland. Naturally the Orangemen up in Belfast, who were quite in sympathy with that measure, joined it enthusiastically. This strike was completely successful. To-day every Irish peasant, before selling his butter to an English trader must get a written permit from the trade union officials. The latter demand the privilege of inspecting the farmer's books before they will grant such a license. Since that time butter and bacon have been enviably cheap in the Irish cities; but on the other hand,

the Irish farmers, who could get a much higher price in England, are very discontented. Another result of these tactics, which Liberty Hall did not foresee, is that the English working men, threatened with the loss of their Irish food supplies, are in their turn indignant. Next to the United States, Ireland is the principal provisioner of England. Prices mount skyward as soon as that little island locks its warehouses. The English workingmen appreciate this situation, and since their stomachs are nearer their hearts than their heads, they are deeply enraged over what has occurred and have thrown to the winds their fair talk of labor solidarity and the class struggle.

The development of a political party out of the labor movement has been more recent in Ireland than in England. Both of the old historical parties, the Nationalists and the Orangemen, fancied they could disregard this movement. But when Sinn Fein became a political party, it was faced at once by the problem of its relations with labor. Sinn Fein's programme—to use Marxian terminology—is petty bourgeois. Its political aims are about identical with those of the so-called Radical and Progressive bourgeois parties in other democratic countries. Its victory over the old Nationalist party was largely an accident. However, a characteristic parallel between the agitation for independence in Ireland and the similar agitation produced by the outcome of the war in the Baltic countries and in Bohemia forces itself on an observer's attention. In all these countries the middle classes who have gradually arisen among the oppressed nationalities in the course of the previous century, have become powerful and self-conscious enough to extort political rights from the Junker ruling caste

—a caste that in Esthonia and Lettland spoke a different language and in Ireland belonged to a different religious confession from the masses of the people. In all those countries scholars and writers headed the independence movement. In Bohemia, Professor Masaryk, a man who adorns European scholarship, became president of the republic. In Ireland the title was first given to a former school teacher. The Irish middle classes would be strong enough in normal times to dispense with the support of the Radicals. In a country so largely agricultural as it is, the importance of strictly industrial labor is relatively small. The Trade Union Alliance enrolls some 300,000 members, to be sure—but apparently many of these, possibly one third, are counted twice. By far the strongest organization is the 'Transport and General Workers Union,' whose executive is clearly trying to absorb gradually the other unions. Of its 110,000 members 40,000 are rural laborers. Politically they are not dangerous; for like their colleagues in Russia, they can easily be immunized against Socialist infection, by giving them a cabin and a bit of land of their own. The power of the Labor Party and of Mr. Johnson depends less upon numerical strength of this society, than upon the fact that its members control transportation, and that Mr. Johnson and his associates are determined to use this advantage to the utmost. In an epoch of revolution radical ideals, today associated almost entirely with Bolshevism, possess an irresistible attraction for young and active men, a dozen of whom can make more noise than a whole street full of peaceful, law-abiding citizens.

To be sure, the labor people could not outbid Sinn Fein in nationalist radicalism. But they could employ

it for their own purposes. This was undoubtedly the object of their leaders when they made a treaty with Sinn Fein, the full conditions of which are not yet known. It involves such complete fusion in political tactics that the situation has become inextricably complicated. No one can tell how many votes are cast by the supporters of Sinn Fein and how many by Labor Socialists. The distribution of districts is made beforehand by the party managements. Even the result of the local elections in February, when proportional representation was used, and when the two organizations for the most part put up separate tickets, afforded unsatisfactory evidence of their relative strength. The labor people have obligated themselves to recognize the Sinn Fein Republic and thereby the authority of its Parliament 'Dail Eireann,' and the latter's cabinet. To all appearance the Sinn Fein leaders are satisfied with this arrangement. Its members fancy that they can play with the labor movement and the Bolshevik agitation associated with it with impunity. If we merely compare percentages, which show that there are ten peasants for every city wage-earner, Sinn Fein is right. Nevertheless, Tom Johnson is frank, in spite of his official recognition of Sinn Fein, in stating that a bourgeois republic is not enough. Yet this is the republic whose president is conducting such active agitation among the American bourgeoisie, and has sent its first official ambassador to the Pope. On the other hand, the Labor Party will not be satisfied even with a republic on the Swiss model. It insists upon a Socialist or Soviet republic. Sinn Fein is considered good enough for the emergency, and is temporarily permitted to perform the more disagreeable tasks. For instance, Tom Johnson repudiates vigorously

all responsibility for acts of terror. He is quite as fully convinced as are the other parties to the present arrangement that he in turn is making a plaything of Sinn Fein, which he can cast aside when the suitable moment comes.

It is too early to speak of signs of actual cleavage between Sinn Fein and Labor, although conservative English papers talk of this. Mr. Johnsr knows that the Irish laboring people are heart and soul for national independence. He keeps that before his eyes, and proclaims no enthusiasm for internationalism. But he cannot argue away the serious conflict of interests between the city proletariat and the peasantry. The inevitable trend of Sinn Fein to greater radicalism under the influence of the Bolshevik theories of its ally, must eventually arouse the hostility of the middle class Sinn Feiners in the cities.

Quite possibly the present working arrangement will survive until the independence movement is successful or defeated. So long as devotion to the cause of national liberty maintains enthusiasm at a high pitch, all such difficulties will be brushed aside. But when the predominant question of the moment is settled, the clash between the two groups may be more violent for having been so long suppressed.

At the present moment the relations between Liberty Hall and the English Labor Party are of more immediate importance. They constitute the greater danger, for the spread of Bolshevism in the neighboring island will make a very different impression in England itself, from that produced by events in what English workers consider the half fairyland of eastern Europe. They regard the contradictory reports from the latter region with undisguised scepticism. Irish

Labor has employed the strike weapon for a political object but once since the proclamation of the Irish republic; and its purpose then, as we have just said, was to secure the liberation of the Dublin hunger strikers. The quick and complete success of this strike relieved the English trade unions of the embarrassment into which they would have been thrown by the first call for help from Ireland. They could hardly have refused their support, because public opinion in England itself was irritated at the obstinacy of the cabinet and the questionable measures it was pursuing. On the other hand, a sympathetic strike in behalf of Ireland would have been so unpopular with the rank and file of British working men that its success would have been doubtful. The clear-headed labor leaders who still control the situation in England, recognized perfectly the danger that by starting an obviously political strike they would expose themselves to the charge of employing 'direct action' and of covertly instigating a revolution in order to secure ends alien to the labor movement. A similar situation, however, may again arise at any moment. In spite of the wisdom of Mr. Johnson, Sinn Fein will sooner or later discover a chance to appeal for the active support of the Trade Unions to fight English rule; and they will respond. Since the relations which exist between the Irish Labor Party and Irish Trade Union executives on one side, and the corresponding bodies in England on the other, are intimate, a delicate problem will thus be presented which cannot be indefinitely deferred. The English Labor Party will be forced to show its colors. Its radical wing has indeed approved at a special convention the extreme position of Sinn Fein. The leaders of the party, however, know perfectly

well that a great majority of their followers regard the complete separation of Ireland from the British empire as a Utopian goal, for which they would be unwilling to sacrifice a single hour of their labor time. This secret resistance would not be overcome by the powerful influence which the Irish workers exercise in some of the British unions. The over hasty experiment of forbidding the exportation of Irish provisions to England has naturally done nothing to increase the friendliness of the British workers.

The political chaos in Ireland lends Liberty Hall a power which stands in no relation with the importance of Irish industries. But the existence of a landless or land-poor peasantry, whose ideal is to own a farm, creates a danger for the time being; for such people are only too easily led to adopt the theories of force which Bolshevism proclaims. Normal remedies for this economic evil are not to be hoped for; because neither the British government nor Sinn Fein is strong enough to apply them. Under present conditions even the calming influence of the Church accomplishes nothing. As soon as a new order has arisen out of the existing chaos, however, the resistance of a sound, hard-headed peasantry, which in spite of a sadly neglected school system is far superior to the Russian peasantry, will make itself felt in opposition to wild theories of social revolution. Consequently, Tom Johnson and his associates are not interested in the slightest in the speedy solution of the political problem. Of course, the case is quite different in north-eastern Ireland, with its large manufacturing industry, where the present crisis is hampering the growth of the Labor Party, and where all nationalist agitation profits solely the conservatives.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TOUGH-MINDED NOVELS

I WENT recently to see a friend recovering from an operation. Half a dozen books, evidently quite new, lay on the counterpane of his prim hospital bed, and a row of books fit for a library stood in military order on the mantel. I do not recall ever seeing a sick person so liberally supplied with literature. Yet in the midst of all this printed fare my unhappy friend was figuratively starving.

'For Heaven's sake,' he cried despairingly from his coverlets, 'get me a book! If you only knew the trash I've been getting. Just because I'm ill, people have been sending me nothing but sweetsy-weetsy novels—you know the awful kind—fine young business man, pretty girl whose father has a past, wicked villain, love and kisses, wedding bells and blisses. I can't tell you how they depress me, particularly the sunshine ones. Were I to be fed on cream puffs and nothing but cream puffs for three days, no one would expect me to recover; yet for two weeks I've had literary cream puffs stuffed down my throat. It's killing me. For the love of Allah get me a novel. Get me one if you can in which the fine young man whom everyone thought converted to sweetsy-weetness, runs amok in the last chapter, commits mayhem, multiple homicide, burns down a church and dies a splendid impenitent death like a Barbary pirate. Get me one in which the bad people are bad and get worse.'

So I tried to think of a good modern novel of the 'tough-minded' school.

Not a disagreeable novel, necessarily, nor a 'naturalistic' novel, simply a novel not afraid of coming to grips with life. *Vanity Fair* might have filled the bill, but my friend had read it long before. Conrad's *Victory* he had also read. Some of the novels of Snaith came to mind, in particular a tale entitled *Henry Northcote*. Finally I sent him my own favorite modern novel, Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives Tale*.

How this extraordinary book rises like a tower above the undistinguished tides of the last twenty years! In many aspects it is perhaps the most permanent contribution to literature which these times have made. Who, having read it, can forget that calm English household in the midlands and the two sisters so strangely unlike? In all English fiction, is there a character who emerges more personal, more real, than old Mrs. Baines? And the strange adventures of runaway Sophia in Paris, and Mme. Foucault, Laurence, and the queer, shabby-genteel flat in the Rue Breda. Surely no British novelist, not even Du Maurier, has ever understood the French temperament more thoroughly, or beheld it in action more sympathetically than Bennett. It is for this reason, I think, that the book is always a favorite with those who know France from the resident's point of view. One has but to read the scene in which Chirac, during the siege, leaves Paris by balloon, to realize Bennett's knowledge of France. Had I the book I would reprint a few illuminating sentences.

I saw my friend again a week or two later. I wondered whether he were going to thank me for having taken the sunshine out of his life. The ungrateful wretch had scarcely glanced at the book and was reading *Huckleberry Finn* for the third time.

H. B. B.

I DO not understand, says 'Affable Hawk' in the *New Statesman*, the contempt for the Latin side of the English language which Freeman and William Morris had, and many have felt after them. It does not seem to me an improvement to turn 'Intimations of Immortality' into the hissing phrase 'Hints of Deathlessness,' or to call a perambulator a push-wain. The complexity of our vocabulary is its glory, and the genius of our language hybrid. Then, with regard to phrases we have lifted wholesale, it is often best not to translate them. (The expression to 'lift,' by the by, became current through Sir Thomas Lipton speaking of 'lifting the cup.' It was a provincialism before; the Americans took it up in mockery, and now it is thorough-good slang, quite fit for literary use.) The phrase *ex cathedra* is intelligible, while 'from the chair' conveys nothing, for it has no root in English history; and 'mariage de convenance' is better kept in French than translated: 'an arranged marriage' will not do, nor will 'a marriage of convenience.'

MME. EMMA CALVÉ has been singing in London. She was given an eager reception by a large audience. Madame Calvé left nothing to reputation, and was as careful in every detail of her singing as if she were courting favor for the first time. Taking into account her rich-toned voice, her habit of clear diction, and the generosity and variety of her programme, the audience had abundant reason to be satisfied. Under

the direction of Lieutenant E. C. Stretton, M. V. O., the Royal Artillery String Band gave instrumental numbers that added to the interest of the concert.

WAYFARER's hint in *The Nation* of the nature of Mr. Shaw's new volume, which he describes as 'a collection of five plays with the man of thirty thousand years hence as its subject,' is intriguing. A new volume by Mr. Shaw is one of the few literary pleasures we may count on with certainty. I wonder when we shall have a really adequate literary criticism of his work. The reviewers are always enthusiastically for or furiously against his 'ideas.' Mr. Shaw's business has always been to knock down Aunt Sallies rather than to set them up.

From a portrait of the English nineties by E. T. Raymond —

IF the writer may sometimes avail himself of the privileges of the gallery to deal frankly with the eminent, he has certainly no bias against the nineties. He recalls them as, on the whole, a golden age. The sun shone brighter in those days. The East wind was less bitter. The women were certainly prettier and (perhaps) more modest; the steaks were juicier; the landladies were a kindlier race. There was a zest and flavor in life lacking to-day. Youth was emancipated from the harsher kind of parental control, and had not yet found a stern step-father in the state. The world was all before it where to choose, and the future was veiled in a rose-colored mist. If some well-meaning elder suggested that one might (by working really hard) end by being Attorney-General, or even editor of *The Times*, one said the right thing aloud, but inwardly murmured, 'Ambition should be made of jollier stuff.' Those were, in short, the days when

for men now middle-aged everything was possible, except failure and death: unthinkable things notoriously invented by old fogies to depress the spirits of immortal youth.

One other thing was 'unthinkable'—war. Why should there be war? We had enough, and to spare, of the earth's surface: some even rather objected to the addition of the small black baby of Uganda to our enormous family. We were willing to help Germany, as one of the family, to help herself to other people's belongings; as for France, the appetite of that dying nation, its petulance over various matters—Egypt, Siam, Newfoundland, and the like—was certainly annoying, but war with France, as with anybody else, was—well, 'unthinkable.' The sound of guns in the Eastern seas, proclaiming the advent of a Pagan Great Power, broke faintly on English ears, but few heeded the portent. There might be some little stir in the Chancelleries. But no unofficial English head worried itself about a 'Far Eastern question,' even after Japan had been bundled out of Port Arthur by a combination of European Powers, until toward the very end of the century.

Then, indeed, the clash of war East, West, and South—in China, in the Philippines, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Sudan, and in South Africa—might well have suggested the general toppling over which was to come. But each incident was treated as a thing by itself; of the way the world was going, of the real forces at work, the nineties had little conception.

It is not altogether fanciful to connect this insensibility, this half-pathetic faith that whatever was very dull must necessarily be very solid and permanent, with the long reigns of certain European monarchs and the extended lives of many public men. Few remembered any head of the English

State but Queen Victoria, or any Austrian Kaiser but Francis Joseph. William I was only lately dead; it was but yesterday that the word of Bismarck stood against the world. Mr. Gladstone was still the first figure in British politics till nearly the middle of the nineties: Lord Salisbury's record extended back to the dim days of Palmerston; even the Pope seemed immortal.

Yet this appearance of changelessness was largely deceptive. The nineties were essentially a time of transition. They resembled that point in the life of a caterpillar when a change of skin is almost due. The old society was visibly finishing; the new society had only arrived in patches and neither was quite sure of itself. The fount of honor, which now plays steadily on new wealth, spurted fitfully. Sometimes the stream hit a Cunliffe-Lister, sometimes a Thomas Lipton. The ancient gentility of the squires still stuck stolidly to the land, but there was a certain restlessness in the younger generation, and when an old man died an old house often changed hands, and a mysterious somebody from the city arrived who filled the place with troops of week-end friends and gave the impression that he did not much care whether 'the county' called or not.

In politics landed Toryism was already giving way to the vigorous urban and suburban varieties; its leaders were mostly stricken in years, and its cadets seemed to lack either ability or ambition. The great entertainers of the old type carried on the tradition with a massive resolution, but, as it seemed, with little conviction; it was the atmosphere of the epilogue, not even of the last act. There was nothing resembling a salon in the nineties; the nearest approach was the saloon bar of certain great new houses. For over all the older magnificence hung the chal-

lenge of the new millionaires, who had captured Park Lane. The Embankment was beginning to be what it is now—a *via dollarosa*, sacred to the splendid equipages of men equally great in the City and the West. The old aristocracy seemed conscious that the new pace would kill—the pace of the petrol age just then opening up. They were right. The twentieth century had not much more than dawned before something quite new appeared, vigorous and symmetrical, with a keen appetite and a sure objective: the aristocracy of what may be called dynamic wealth, the wealth that reproduces itself by a sort of geometrical progression.

Of this conquest of the old by the new which was proceeding in the nineties, the closest observer was the working-class politician. While the rest were assuming the permanence of the old conditions, while Liberalism boasted itself Gladstonian, and Conservatism was still Disraelian, Labor sent Mr. Keir Hardie to the House of Commons. In the nineties Labor turned contemptuously away from every 'ism' that lay between Mr. Gladstone's position and Mr. Bradlaugh's. It was now ready to use Liberalism, but for Liberalism, in another sense, it had no use; it was more friendly, if such a word can be used where there was no sort of sentiment, to the squire than to the rich Radical, for in its view the squire did not matter much, and the great Radical did. Labor has changed less than any party since the nineties. Its older leaders can—and very often do—make the same speeches to-day that struck audiences with a sense of novelty just after the setting up of that great landmark in industrial history—the London dockers' strike.

Well-fed, addicted to rather more healthy ideas of recreation than his predecessors, deplorably educated, but

not unintelligent, amazingly ignorant of the outside world, the average young man of the nineties was decidedly self-satisfied. He thought himself a credit to his country, and thought his country the only country worth mentioning. Continentals were people who provided us with music-hall entertainers, barbers, bakers, cheap clerks, and picturesque guests to see the recurrent Jubilee, when John Bull, like a hospitable host, bared his big right arm and showed his muscle to the visitors—in the form of a naval display at Spithead and a procession of white, black, and yellow troops through the streets of London. The American hardly counted.

'Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay' was the personal, 'Soldiers of the Queen'—

'When we say that England's master
Remember who have made her so'—

the national gesture of the time: a time of boundless confidence sustained on a basis in one sense horribly insecure and in another firm as adamant. For, while the shakiness of the material foundation of England's 'mastery' was soon to be exposed, the man of the nineties was to be otherwise justified in his careless faith. The English character might seem a little vulgarized just then, a little disfigured by superficial cynicism, but it still had its fellow to seek. And it was just the young rowdy of that day, and not the elder who rebuked him, who saved the period in the good opinion of its successors. The older men of the nineties have more than a touch of Polonius; they were so excellent in counsel, and of 'most weak hams.' But if it was the autumn of the old excellences it was the springtide of other things, and the nineties will always have a claim on the reverence of Englishmen as the breeding and growing time of a race of heroes.

[The English Review]
TO ALEPPO BY EXPRESS

BY G. K. CONGREVE

NIGHTFALL at Homs. The sun just balanced on the Lebanon, the steady west wind blowing across the plain through the gap leading to Tripoli. A thin mist hanging above the trees on the irrigated land. Flocks of sheep and goats in the distance leading home to the villages. The ducks tearing southward through the sky to settle on the lake. North, the white pinnacled houses of Telbisé showing up like a chalk crag. In the town the shops are shutting, the cafés are crowded with notables and merchants smoking their pipes and drinking tiny cups of coffee. The banks of the canal are lined with black-veiled women enjoying the cool air and the day's gossip. The streets are crowded with workmen, shopkeepers, Indian cavalry and English and Hedjaz soldiers.

But the centre of all interest at this hour is the railway station, when the north-bound express, hurtling along its mad career towards Aleppo, pauses here a while to throw out and take in passengers, merchandise and mail. It is due at the hour we are all now pleased to call 17.45; it is not particular to an hour or two, as it waits at Rayak until the rack-and-pinion arrangement from Beirut rolls up. That little outfit has many adventures climbing up to Ain Sofar and crawling down the other side; sometimes it is derailed, sometimes the water goes off the boil, or the engineer deliberately hangs up at a station to see if the main cylinder is sparking properly, or to oil the differential, just to annoy

the station-master, who gets into what is even for a Syrio-Franc a tearing passion, and brings along the station clock to demonstrate the lateness of the hour.

The Turks left one building at Homs station. In it live the officials of the Société Anonyme du Chemin de Fer Damas Hamah et Prolongements, the R. T. O., George the restaurant keeper, his wife and family, an obscure Supply Major, two R. A. F. privates, several cats, and one monkey. George's restaurant is downstairs, and at six o'clock the obscure major, the R. T. O., with a few friends and several Czechosyrio-Levite contractors are probably drinking coffee or arrak, the latter being a fascinating aniseed drink which goes milky when mixed with water and is not a good prelude to whiskey, and talking largely in a dialect composed of all European, two African and three Asian languages.

Outside the entire platform and all the sidings are crowded with what looks and sounds like a thoroughly representative collection of the inhabitants of the Tower of Babel, mixed with a colored plate (from the *Boy's Own Paper*) of The Armies of All Nations. A Hedjaz General or something is due to arrive or depart, and the Hedjaz equivalent of a platoon is encamped on the main and only platform, and is presenting arms at odd intervals. The rest of the time it is buying sweets, sticky ones, at one for a metallik, which is ten for a piastre or fifty a shilling, from a man who looks

like a wild Presbyterian minister in a bath robe who has a tray of them on a little portable table. It is also throwing bricks at the Egyptian Labor Corps, which squats against the wall discussing the possibility of pinching a few loaves of Inglisi bread later on in the evening, and arguing violently with a Jew haberdasher of the town. Lawrence's Lambs are not inclined, yet, to lie down with the whelps of the Lion of Judah.

Commotion increases when the station-master, a small man with red whiskers and a squint, propels himself from the ticket office with the news that the train has left Kattiné, the next station. The women increase the speed of their talk, and heighten the tone in expectation of having to compete with the engine whistle. The Hedjaz perform the evolution they term 'standing at ease.' The boys gather round the sweet-man in the hope he may get run over. The Canteen Corporal unlocks his kiosk. The obscure Supply Major finishes his arrak, wipes his mouth, pinches another olive and emerges majestically from the pub. The Egyptian Labor Corps gets up and salutes him, and breaking into their pathetic song, 'Y'azziz ayeenie; wala bid arawa beladi!' (which is really 'Home, Sweet Home'), prepare receptacles in their clothes for the reception of stolen goods. George abuses the cook who is getting the hash ready, and with a triumphant yell the train struggles in.

The train is of the class called 'mixed,' and it is so. It has about eighteen trucks and four carriages. The trucks are of many sizes and shapes and contain anything from Manchester cotton goods to Armenian refugees and Indian reinforcements. The patent freezing box containing the frozen meat for the Aleppo troops is in front, and next to it is the Perish-

able truck for Homs and Hama with bread, meat, and possibly medical comforts, which is being attended to by the E. L. C., under the supervision of an A. S. C. sergeant with a lantern. Next come six trucks of Turkish prisoners of war being repatriated; a detachment of the guides is in charge; one small guide in each truck is trying to keep the prisoners inside without much success. It appears that one truckload is for Homs and a Havildar is trying to find someone to take them over and give a receipt. No one is at all anxious to do so, and he tackles the obscure supply major, who is arguing in what he imagines to be Arabic about the price of tomatoes with a one-eyed Damascene from Aleppo. He passes him on to a M. M. P., who, knowing what to do with an Indian when in doubt, writes a few words on an envelope, and the Havildar departs happy having got the one thing all good Indian soldiers pray for, a 'chiti.'

The prisoners then swarm out of the truck and are engulfed by their female relations, who weep copiously on any available-shoulder and give tongue at frequent intervals in that peculiar expression of joy which is called 'zag-gareet,' or something like that; Lane tells you all about it — it sounds like a large lot of young beagle pups having their tails repeatedly stamped on. These prisoners will probably enlist in the Hedjaz army to-morrow, the remainder will eventually join up with our old friend Mustafa Kemal somewhere above the Taurus. Next, a few loads of Armenians, mostly nice, chubby, rosy-cheeked girls who do not appear in any way depressed at the recent massacres of most of their relations, or at the possibility of a repetition which might affect them. Most of them speak a little English or American, and have learned in refugee

workshops in Damascus how to make and embroider the characteristic Armenian cushion-covers or shawls for sale to tourists. Next, the third-class carriages, to seat five persons each side, ten in the middle, four in the racks, eight on the roof, and lots on the steps, all with kit and equipment and the unexpired portion of the month's rations.

Take one carriage. A Greek money-lender, large, with wife, larger, one girl and two boys, one trunk and eight baskets; two alleged Bedouins, in abiyehs and caffehs, slightly intoxicated, one playing on a wood pipe, the other dancing; a lady in a pink silk low-necked dress, no hat and elastic-sided boots, speaks French, Turkish, Italian, English, Arabic, and Greek, says she comes from Athens, is Italian by birth, and is going home to Widdin; a tall Jew, gabardine and black hat, hook nose, and side whiskers curled, says he is of the Sephardim, but certainly is n't; addresses you in Spanish, but breaks down after '*A los pedos de usted!*' Three Lebanese from Zahlé going to Aleppo to make speeches for the self-government of the Lebanon, and a couple of Egyptian army transport corps drivers who are probably meant as reinforcements for a unit at Damascus and have lost their way, finish the list of what we can see. The confused mass at the end of the carriage is probably a few ulemas or holy men of sorts trying to dodge the ticket-collector.

Lastly the glory of the D. H. P., the First Class Carriage, which to-day is the one called the 'Posh,' as it possesses cushions and windows. Out of it descend the Cavalry Officer with orderlies, the Hedjaz General with aides-de-camp (the Hedjaz platoon presents arms and is pushed out of the way by the second assistant shunter), the Great Greek Contractor in white

flannels and Trilby hat, the Subadar Major with turban, medals, and whisker-net, greeted with reverence by his comrades on the platform, the Army Nurse on a joy ride to Aleppo, the G. S. O. something of some crush somewhere, the Patriarch or Archimandrite of the Lebanon or Mount Carmel or Jerusalem, an American Red Cross Colonel or Commissioner, inaudibly singing 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' and looking as if he wanted to sell you an agricultural implement, and an English commercial traveler, probably an ex-soldier of the E. E. F.

There are no lights anywhere, and it is nearly dark. Free fights in most of the carriages, the Turks have bought watermelons and are chucking the rinds into the mass. The soldiers are getting tea from the canteen, the local cabs are coming back for their second trip. The women are going down the road to town with their returned relations, the French lady in the pink silk has a ticket as far as Homs only and is trying to wheedle the balance to Aleppo out of a young Egyptian officer (she'll succeed, too). George in the pub is rushing about, throwing his famous four-course twenty-piastre dinner at a few officers and well-dressed Syrians.

The bell rings twice. The red-whiskered station-master goes in the pub, takes off his hat, and says: '*En voiture, s'il vous plaît, Messieurs.*' George says it is n't time yet, and his patrons have n't finished feeding, and that if they go now they won't pay. Red-whiskers says, 'You be damned.' George shouts. Red-whiskers curls the off one and lights a cigarette. The diners choke down their coffee and flourish hundred-piastre notes at George, George goes mad and says, 'Mafish da petit monnaie!' The bell rings three times, the noise increases, the last passenger is hauled through

the window, Red-whiskers blows his little trumpet, the engine yells, backs, goes ahead, stops, backs, and, with a determined effort to do it this time, puts three-quarters of its steam through the whistle, the remainder into the cylinder, and toils northward to Aleppo.

The station loafers quickly disappear, the Indian Cavalry officers saunter back to dine at their regimental mess, George and Red-whiskers sit down to argue the question of the time with their watches and a glass of arrak,

and in a few minutes everything is quiet except for the sobbing of a girl on the steps whose brother has brought her up from Damascus and dumped her at Homs for better or for worse. She has been given the price of a ticket back home by an Englishman, and her tears are more of relief than sorrow.

It is quite dark. The obscure Supply Major crawls out of his office, steps on the car, damns it, and the country, and the contractors, and the climate, looks at the sky, vanishes eastward; the day is finished.

[*The New Statesman*]

ON FLATTERERS

DISRAELI's confession that he was deliberately a flatterer has been much quoted during the last week or two. Disraeli believed that every man was susceptible of being flattered. 'And when it comes to Royalty,' he added, 'you must lay it on with a trowel.' It is, we should have thought, a safe rule to use the trowel in almost any company. Even among people who affect an abhorrence of flattery, nine out of ten will purr under the hands of a skillful workman. To pretend to be above flattery is, as a rule, merely the most delectable way of flattering one's self. When a man says that he does not like being flattered, he means that he does not like being flattered in presence of a third party who may be secretly laughing to see him fooled. He feels uncomfortable if he is called a second Pericles in presence of a man who does not even believe that he is a second Bonar Law. An unbelieving eye destroys the atmosphere of illusion, which is necessary to the success of

flattery. To enjoy being praised, one must keep doubt from the door. Hence the best occasion for flattery is a private letter or a conversation between two.

As one reads a letter, all the world ceases to exist except one's self and the writer. It is a communication from throne to throne—a conspiracy of two to greet one another across a space inhabited by a population of the meet-to-be-criticized. It is flattering to receive a letter in which the rest of the world is belittled and laughed at. It gives one the feeling that one is walking above other people's heads. It is an exceptional man who does not get pleasure even from the disparagement of his friends in such circumstances. He will no longer enjoy it if the disparagement is vicious or excessive. But he likes to be able to look on his friend good-humoredly from above. He may know his friend to be a better man than himself, but he appreciates an occasional relief from the knowl-

edge. After all, even one's dearest friend is not a god, and it is delightful once in a while to hear somebody saying so.

Lamb did not love Wordsworth the less for being able to laugh at him behind his back. Half the quarrels of men arise from the fact that they talk a different language when face to face and behind each other's backs, and that they find this out. It is impossible to tell the whole truth to an average human being and still to remain on terms of friendship with him. There is little friendship without make-believe. If two men are close friends, you may take it that they have been pretending to a considerably higher estimate of each other than they would set down in a perfectly honest diary. It is not necessary that they should deliberately lie to one another, but they must discreetly conceal a certain amount of the criticism that is going on all the time behind the bones of their skulls. There are a few men who remain friends with their critics, but that is generally because they regard them as eccentrics.

To tell the truth without fear or favor is the best way to get the reputation of a crank. Tennyson remained friends with Carlyle, though Carlyle told him to give up poetry and take to honest work and write prose. He realized that on the subject of the relative merits of poetry and prose Carlyle was a comic character. He knew that Carlyle's criticism was directed not against him so much as against the art of poetry. Carlyle, in summoning him to write prose, was actually paying him a compliment. Had Carlyle told him his faults, instead of merely brushing aside the art of verse, the situation would no longer have been comic but bitter.

We do not suggest, of course, that friends cannot criticize each other at

all. Life would be intolerable if friends could never speak the truth. Even as they criticize, however, there is usually an undercurrent of appreciation taken for granted. And, as men grow older, the need for appreciation becomes stronger. Wordsworth was deeply offended when Coleridge, in his splendid appreciation of his genius in *Biographia Litteraria*, also enumerated his faults. The man of genius will almost always admit that he has faults, but he will seldom admit that they are the faults that even the tenderest critic has found in him. Hence the estrangements of men of genius. A friend blames where he should have praised. What is said in a spirit of truth is set down to malice. Can a man be your friend if he steals the crown from your head? Can he be your friend even if he steals a single jewel from your crown — especially the paste jewel? We have all — the greatest and the meanest of us — paste jewels in our crowns. Will a true friend point them out to a world that is already overmuch inclined to scoff? Or will he not rather organize a clique that will pretend to be dazzled by diamonds?

It is a curious but indisputable fact that a man may be under no illusions about his paste diamonds, and yet resent the absence of these illusions in other people. Man is not only a realist. He is also a lover of romance. He dreams of what he would be quite as often as he deplores what he is. He cannot help being attracted by people who make his dream appear true. There are some men who are such intense egoists that they can believe in the truth of their dreams without any assistance from other people. Southey agreed that his *Madoc* was 'the best English poem since *Paradise Lost*.' There was no need to tell him so, he knew it already. Victor Hugo, again, as Henley said, was himself the great-

est of the Hugolaters. No one else could flatter him as he could flatter himself. Did he not indite letters to Queen Victoria as to a fellow monarch? It may be retorted that it proves no great vanity on Hugo's part to know that his genius put him at least on a level with Queen Victoria. His vanity consisted, however, in his flattering himself that Queen Victoria and everybody else must listen to him as they would listen to no other man. He was not a democrat asserting the equality of men; he was an egoist asserting his eminence above thrones and peoples. In spite of his immense self-importance, however, he was not sufficient to himself without the assenting flattery of others.

A man may have a swelled head and yet go about in terror lest somebody may prick it. Even emperors on their thrones are not content to deify themselves, they must also be deified by their courtiers. The Roman emperor came to look on himself as a rival, not of other kings, but of the gods Olympus. It was not enough that he should be the greatest of men, when he could dream of himself as the Lord God. It is difficult for a modern European not to smile, when he reads Horace's flattery of the 'divine' Augustus. Yet the Romans apparently did not smile. The Christians were persecuted at a later date, because they would not speak of the Roman emperor as 'the Lord.' And yet, when Augustus came to die, it was as a man, not as a god, that he wished to be flattered. After a glance in the mirror to see that his hair was not disarranged, he turned to those present and said: 'Did I play my part well? If so, applaud me.'

The story may be apocryphal, but it has the good qualities of a fable. It reminds us that, if you can flatter a man for what he is, he will be even more pleased than if you flatter him

for being what he is not. The pleasure of being an imposter disappears for most men at a tragic crisis, even though the love and applause survives. At the same time, it would be foolish to believe that every great man who allows himself to be flattered into a belief in his own divinity is a conscious imposter. Was Alexander the Great a rogue, when he listened to the oracle of Ammon and allowed himself to be persuaded that he was the son of Zeus? He appears to have taken his position among the gods fairly seriously, since he hanged Aristotle's nephew for denying that he was divine. Aristotle was a wise man; he should have remembered to provide his nephew with a trowel.

When we recall the flatteries of the ancient world or even of the seventeenth-century world, the flatterers of our own day seem modest and cautious enough. Our trowels have undoubtedly grown smaller. Even Disraeli's trowel was small in comparison to that of a courtier in the time of Elizabeth or Louis XIV. We can notice the change of tone in the dedications of books. The old sort of dedication, which seemed natural even in a man of heroic character, would be regarded as servile coming from the most ordinary pen to-day. The convention has changed in these matters. Hyperbole of phrase has gone out. Christians still speak in the Roman fashion of 'Our Lord the King,' but even if, as some people say, the phrase originated in the deification of monarchs, no man dare write of a king as a god to-day. The Kaiser himself did not claim to be the Almighty, but only that he was the next best thing. He made the ancient gesture of the divine kings, however, at his coronation when he would not allow any other hands but his own to place the crown on his head. But, on the whole, it is the

people, not the kings, who get most of the flattery in these days. Every nation is flattered by its statesmen and journalists. Demagogy is simply the art of giving a people more flattery than is good for it. Bread and circuses are not enough; people must also have praise. In the same way nations demand praise from each other as a condition of friendship.

The statesmen of England, France, and America praise one another's countries in public, till they must long at times to get into some quiet company when they can say what they really believe. Nations are even more sensitive to criticism than authors. What they like best is applause, and you cannot give them too much of it. Patriotism with many people is merely a sort of corporate self-flattery. And, if love of country can in many instances be defined in such terms as these, what of the love of the sexes? Love means many things, but as often as anything else it means incapacity to resist a flatterer. A man who can persuade a woman that she is beautiful is, we fancy, more likely to win her than if he could only persuade her that he himself is beautiful.

Love is the acceptance of an overestimate of one's self. People are often surprised that this woman has married that man. In such cases the explanation is simple enough: the man has lied. It would, we admit, be puerile cynicism to pretend that flattery is the golden key of love. We make no such claim. We imagine, however, that it is the beginning of a good many marriages, and that a fair proportion of the marriages that end unhappily do so because either husband or wife forgot to go on flattering. It is a wise wife who deceives her husband. There is nothing like undeserved praise for putting human beings in a good temper. The out-

sider is frequently revolted by the spectacle of marital flattery, but there is no need to be shocked, unless it is administered not in spoonfuls but in seas.

Praise not only pretends that we are better than we are; it may help to make us better than we are. It is a stimulant as often as it is a sedative. Some men lose heart even in their everyday work, unless they are occasionally praised. Praise gives one something to live up to. It is a confession of faith in one that one does not wish to betray. At the same time, the longing for praise may easily become a bad habit, like the longing for any other stimulant. Leaders of men, bishops and domestic tyrants, at times lead a life of doped vanity that is extremely disgusting. There should be a Lent every year, during which flattery should be forbidden, and men should see themselves in the mirror of scepticism. It is well that flattery should be interrupted, if it is only by a course of malignancy. There is no more wretched epitaph to earn than 'Ruined by praise.'

[*Le Temps*]

THE DEATH OF EUGÉNIE

THE Empress Eugénie died on July 11th in Madrid, at the palace of her nephew, the Duke of Alva. She had recently undergone an operation for cataract. Her death resulted from euremia.

Let us watch the accomplishment of the funeral rites in silence, for the time is not yet at hand to judge the actions of the Empress with that serenity which belongs to history. That moment will come later. Nevertheless the 'future' may be said already to have begun for her. Bent beneath the weight of her days, the Empress, who incarnated for us a

reign and period, wandered through our times like a living ghost of the past. We owe her that indulgent respect which the world feels in the presence of great age stricken by misfortunes.

On the 5th of May, 1826, at 12, rue de Gratia, five years, day for day, after the death of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, there was born at Grenada the child destined to be the wife of Napoleon III. The registry of her birth designates her under the names of Maria-Eugénie-Ignace-Augustine, daughter of don Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto-Carrero, Count of Teba, Marquis d'Ardalès, Grandee of Spain, and of Maria-Manuela de Kirkpatrick y Grivegnée, Countess of Teba, Marquise d'Ardalès.

At the time of his daughter's birth the father was not yet known by the name of Montijo, for this name belonged to the eldest member of the family. The Count of Teba had served in the armies of Napoleon. He was a colonel of artillery in 1814, and in the battle of Buttes-Chaumont, a cannon ball wounded him. Not caring for monarchs, he did not return to Spain after the restoration but remained in Paris. It was at the house of M. and Mme. Mathieu de Lesseps that he made the acquaintance of the lady who later became the mother of the Empress. In 1830, the Montijo family definitely fixed its residence at Paris. Merimée and Stendhal were both intimates of the house. The two daughters, the future Duchess d'Albe, and the future Empress of France received a sound but somewhat disconnected education.

In reëstablishing the empire, Napoleon III had taken thought of the future of his dynasty. His first dream was of an alliance with the royal family of England; he then negotiated with Bavaria, where he met with a cold reception. The Princess Royal of

Sweden, grand-daughter of Gustave IV, would have none of him. Finally he resolved to follow his own inclinations. He had felt the charm of Mlle. de Montijo whom he had seen at his soirées. Perhaps at first he thought only of a possible victory over her virtue, but the young girl, whose dazzling beauty had been the sensation of Paris, had no intention of thus throwing herself away. Only in return for a crown might he have her. The snubs which Napoleon had received abroad favored her ambitious project. Against the advice of the ministers and the sentiments of his associates, the marriage was decided upon.

It was the Emperor himself who revealed to the assembled statesmen the decision he had taken; the *Moniteur* revealed to the world that his choice was Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo. From that moment forth all gossip ceased.

The imperial couple rode to their nuptial mass at Notre Dame in the carriage which had served at the marriage of Napoleon I and Marie-Louise. The cortège returned to the palace through the sympathetic mob. The bride was beautiful, and Parisians are sensitive to the miracle of beauty.

The Duchess of Dino, who was rather given to criticism, thus writes of the Empress in her memoirs: 'The Empress is beautiful. They say that her only imperfection is seeming larger when seated than when she is standing. She has said that in sacrificing her youth and beauty she has given more than she has gained; she allows the court to make of her. At the wedding the ladies of the court were decent and commonplace-looking. The decorations of the church were splendid, but the cardinals were quite ordinary, M. de Boland excepted.'

At first the only public appearances

of the new sovereign were those connected with acts of charity. She visited the poor; she made the rounds of hospitals. She accompanied the Emperor on his travels. England received him with a marked defiance; yet one year later she had the pleasure of receiving Queen Victoria in Paris. The battles of the Crimea were then throwing their beams of glory over the second empire, and to make the Empress more popular the birth of the Prince Imperial coincided with the days of Sebastopol.

During the war in Italy the Emperor confided the regency to her. In 1860 he wished to have her by his side when he received the homages of Savoy, Nice, and Algeria.

The centre of the court seemingly inclined to frivolity, burning with the joy of living, luxurious, superficial, and not unlike the early surroundings of Marie-Antoinette, what was the Empress Eugénie's influence on politics? What was her influence on the Emperor? What part did she play in the orientation of the régime. This is for historians to answer, but even to the eyes of to-day the role of the Empress Eugénie is clear enough, and in the most important events of her epoch many have seen the working of her likes and dislikes.

Not that the imperial ménage was one of the most united. Many were the storms which rose. Born of the caprices of the sovereign, these were storms which the Empress did not support with that serenity which traditions require of a woman on a throne; violent and impulsive, she lost her temper and called her associates to witness the wounds of her *amour-propre*. Napoleon III could never quite still the resentment of his spouse. Moreover these quarrels were successfully manipulated by Eugénie, for Napoleon III returned humiliated and

repentant, to receive peace and pardon. Certain political crises owe something of their bitterness to these domestic scenes.

During his second journey to Italy Napoleon III again confided the regency to her. To please her he ordered the second expedition to Rome. And now with the universal exposition and the inauguration of the Suez Canal at hand, we are at the apogee of the reign. The Empress lived the life of a princess of the Arabian Nights. Then the fires of glory fail, and the empire is in the midst of difficulties which it has helped to create and is not able to foresee. More and more in difficult moments is the influence of the Empress to be seen. The Emperor is weakened by illness, and the hopes of the Empress are centered about her son who may be called upon any moment to assume the succession to the throne.

What was the attitude of the Empress in 1870 at the moment of the declaration of the war? What took place at St. Cloud after the council of July 14th, 1870? Careful witnesses inform us of the events. The Emperor entered into the council chamber accompanied by the Empress. He read his discourse and was about to take the vote when he began to feel ill and was obliged to leave the hall. At the end of one-half or three-quarters of an hour he returned in spite of his suffering. But during this time the Empress had influenced the members of the council and when the vote was taken there was a majority of four voices for war.

'The idea of the Empress,' said M. MacMahon to M. Grivart, in 1890, 'was that the internal policy in which M. Ollivier had engaged the country was leading to the abyss. External diversion seemed to her a necessity of safety. At the end of fifteen days or

three weeks of war, thought she, a success would have been obtained. Peace would then be made, and the Emperor, once more in possession of his prestige, could annul the dangerous concessions he had made. But before this council was called, the Emperor, anxious for peace, had called together all the friendly journalists and urged them to play up a pacific note. At midnight the press was ordered to take a contrary road and to prepare the national mind for war.'

They have it that the Empress said, 'This is my war.' She always denied this word, which was perhaps only a translation of a sentiment which her associates knew her to feel.

But the war was not a fifteen-day military promenade. It meant Sedan, the capture of the Emperor, the exile of the Prince Imperial, and the revolution of the fourth of September. This revolution had the unanimous consent of the entire nation. The mob surged toward the Carrousel; it was not threatening but resolved. The news reached the imperial apartments. The ambassadors to Austria and Italy were at hand. They came to place themselves at the orders of the Empress. 'There are,' said she, 'events stronger than the courage of the strong, and destinies more powerful than the will of men; I must yield.'

She bows and retires to her apartments. She calls for her traveling clothes and joins Mme. Lebreton, her reading mistress, Prince Metternich, and the Chevalier de Nigra, who have been waiting for her. They go down the staircase to the Carrousel along with the Admiral Jurien de La Graviere and Captain Conneau. There a wagon stands belonging to the Prince de Metternich. But the mob beats at the bars; it is impossible to escape from that side. The Empress returns and makes her way through the gal-

leries of the Louvre. An escape by a little door leading out to Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois is made with difficulty. There another gathering awaits; the ambassadors are separated from the Empress who jumps into a fiacre. She drives to the house of certain personages but finds them absent, and finally lands at the house of Dr. Evans, Mme. Lebreton's dentist. Dr. Evans escorts the Empress to Deauville and puts her aboard a yacht which reaches England only after having traversed a fearful storm. From that hour the Empress remained an exile. After the death of her husband and her son she took refuge in a mourning of the highest dignity.

She was able to return to Paris under the black veils of a widow and mother without receiving from the people anything but the silence due to fallen majesty. Parisians saw in her a melancholy which she did not have, and spoke of visits which she never made. A fatalism, sprung from her Spanish origin, caused her to accept her destiny with a resignation doubtless tempered by pain.

[To-Day]

IN DEFENSE OF SOLITUDE

BY EUGENE MASON

SOME years ago, on the occasion of the wedding of a celebrated author, the announcement of the ceremony sent out to his friends bore the words, 'It is not good for the man to live alone.' The reference, of course, was to the Biblical narrative of the creation of woman to be Adam's companion and complement in Paradise, and to the first marriage in the first Garden. The loneliness of Adam had not proved an unqualified success, and was swiftly exchanged for what the French describe happily as a solitude *à deux*. Solitude,

indeed, may well be a delightful state, but it becomes necessary to have someone to whisper how delectable solitude is. This, however, is solitude considered as a luxury. Fortunately, it is a luxury common to our race, and peculiar to neither class nor creed. Like meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, this luxury is ordinary fare to most of us. Such loneliness needs no defense, for it is the customary solitude, and the best.

There are those amongst us, however, who, for this reason or that, elect to go without this mitigation of loneliness. Since the great acts of birth and death are accomplished singly, these choose to live in the same stark fashion. There is the very heroism of solitude. Because of some dominant and masterful purpose they have put away, once and for all, the elemental things that make us man or woman. Such carry no impedimenta. They are the stuff of which saints and heroes are made, for, as Mr. Kipling proclaimed in an early couplet,

Down to Gehenna, or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

I sometimes recall the words of a monk of my acquaintance, and consider all that they imply: 'A monk's peace is framed in desolation, and in the impossibility of finding any earthly comfort.' The philosophy which consoles and dignifies a monk's renunciations is, of course, set forth in the most esteemed of religious manuals, Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*. There is no occasion to quote from the chapter on 'Solitude and Silence,' because the book itself is homely to every shelf. Was it not the bedside companion of such a convinced agnostic as George Eliot? No reader of *The Mill*

on the *Floss* can have forgotten the novelist's noble praise. 'It remains to all time a lasting record of human need and human consolations: the voice of a brother who long ago felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.'

The Brothers of the Common Life are, indeed, an illustration of the text 'He setteth the solitary in families'; but in spite of every alleviation the austerity of a monk's round can only be endured just from day to day. It is small wonder, then, that the superhuman heroism of the hermit or the anchorite, which in earlier days was so frequent a phenomenon of the religious life, has proven too heavy for mortal endurance, and become—at all events in Western civilization—a thing of the past.

There is an ancient legend telling that once upon a time three hermits kept company in the solitude of the desert. At the end of a year spent in silence and mortification, the first hermit spoke and observed, 'How happy is this life!' At the close of the second year, his fellow made answer, 'We are indeed blest to live in this place.' But when the third year was accomplished, the remaining hermit found his voice, and complained that he had not fled into the wilderness to be disturbed in his meditations by the chatter of his companions.

Such an appalling passion for loneliness as this, is, in truth, the very heroism of solitude.

Life is essentially a lonely business for every one of us. We live inevitably in an inner solitude because of the

eternal nature of things. But while the rigors of loneliness are tempered to many by that companionship which is the luxury of solitude, while the heroic solitude of the few is mitigated by the institution of the community, so that the solitary actually are set in families, there are those who have had no call to walk in either of these paths. These are the solitaires of circumstance. Hazard has prevented the acceptance by them of the common lot, and since society is based on the idea of the family, this is necessarily to experience an additional loneliness through life. It will not be denied that solitude has its compensations, and it needs them — every one. As Sir James Barrie remarks of bachelorhood in *What Every Woman Knows*, 'It is lonely, but it 's safe.'

There is no gainsaying that solitude has a certain obscure pleasure of its own. It may be morbid, but it is a pleasure all the same. It permits of an absorption in one's personal affairs, and a concentration of purpose, that are almost impossible to those who habitually have others about them, so that Newman, for instance, was never less alone than when alone; and Dante, when disturbed by persons of consequence while drawing a portrait of Beatrice on the anniversary of her death, could excuse himself by saying 'Another was with me.' If, at times, the lonely would welcome a little more company, on the other hand the gregarious would gladly exchange some superfluous acquaintance for a measure of solitude.

Lovers of Lamb will remember a famous letter in which that most companionable of men professed himself as saturated with human faces (divine forsooth), uttered his emphatic protest against being over-companied, and protested, 'He who thought it not good for man to be

alone, preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself.' After all, the solitary has two divine consolations, his fireside and his books. The fire blazes, companionable, cheery as a friend; brighter, indeed, and warmer than most friends. His books are to hand, old friend and new acquaintance, to be taken up and put down as the humor catches him. He is a dull spirit who, with pleasures such as these, finds no alleviation of his lot.

[*The Venturer*]

IN BEHALF OF FOOLS

BY GILBERT THOMAS

FOOLS, it is commonly said, are of two sorts: those who are fools and know it, and those who are fools and do not know it. That there are plenty of fools of the latter kind will be disputed by none, though few of us, perhaps, will be ready to admit that we ourselves may belong to that category. But that there are fools who know that they are fools is a statement which I challenge. For if a man knows himself to be a fool, by that very token, paradoxically, he is not one; for he has that self-knowledge which is no small part of wisdom. That there are, broadly speaking, two classes of fools I agree; but I would define them as those who are fools and do not mind being treated as such (by which of course I do not mean subjected to ridicule or contempt, but to tactful instruction and guidance), and those who are fools, but expect to be regarded as fully responsible beings.

Of these two classes, the latter is the more unpleasant to encounter. But not all fools belonging even to this class are equally irritating. This class may, indeed, be divided into two sub-classes. There are, to begin with, those

fools who lack all sense and will make no effort to gain any, but who, though they annoy us by claiming the rights, while attempting to perform none of the duties, of normal beings, do not at any rate enrage us by pretending to be abnormally wise. Such fools arouse in us the same mild vexation of temper as swelled-headed children who are not content to remain children but demand all the respect and privileges accorded to maturity. But there is a worse type of fool than this — the pedagogue who, in his own estimation, is infallible. This fool, who may actually *know* much, but who *understands* nothing; whose weight of acquired learning has crushed whatever sympathy, intuition and native wisdom he may ever have had: this fool, who thinks that his mastery of dead languages or mathematics or theology gives him the power and the right to pass final judgment on all the subtle and delicate problems of human life, is of all fools the biggest, and of all fools the most difficult to suffer gladly.

We come now to the first of our two main classes of fools — the simpler fool, who does not resent instruction, even though he may prove incapable of following it. About this kind of fool there is often something, if not exactly attractive, at least quite appealing. He resembles in some degree the child who is unconsciously satisfied to remain a child; for, if he have not the charm of a real child, he has frequently something of its innocence and careless contentment. He is, as a rule, of an amiable, even, and willing disposition. And well, indeed, he may be. For his very nature makes for him a haven in which he dwells cosily sheltered from most of the storms of conflicting passions that beat upon the hearts of ordinary men. He is not tortured with unattainable ideals or

personal ambitions; and consequently he knows little of despair and disillusionment. The tragedies of the world lie beyond his comprehension, and for his own sorrows he has a short memory. He lives, indeed, in a fool's paradise; and he sheds something of that paradise around him.

His serenity of temper, I grant you, is not a lofty serenity, or one that, in our nobler moments, we would envy. But, in this world of turmoil, even a poor serenity is sometimes welcome; and though this fool is constantly giving a temporary jar to one's nerves by reason of his inefficiency, yet his unflinching good temper and willingness often prove, in the main, very soothing. For, just as one comes near to losing patience with him, he moves one irresistibly to humor, with which is mingled pity. But in our humor there is no scorn, and in our pity there is none of that anger which the learned or pretentious fool provokes in us. In a word, we feel tenderly towards him. And perhaps it is, more than all else, because of this fact, that we have for the simple, unassuming fool a certain abiding affection. For we can hardly help liking those who awaken in us emotions of tenderness.

There are, it is true, some men in whom tenderness burns but dimly, and this brings me to my final point, which is this: that the simpler kind of fool is a counter on which the coin of other men's characters may surely be tested. If a man is ready to take mean advantage of the good nature of a willing fool, it is clear that there is rottenness at the core of his heart. If, on the other hand, he treats the fool with as much consideration as he would extend to persons who are more able to defend themselves, then he is an honorable man and to be trusted.

A BUDDHIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM

BY W. A. DE SILVA

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

THE thirst for knowledge of what appears to be shut out from one's eyes is ever present in man. Curiosity, love of novel sensation, desire for information which may be of use in promoting one's ambitions, the interpretation of the secret yearnings of the heart, the desire for the acquisition of power and knowledge that are not in the possession of others, have all contributed in various degrees to stimulate this quest after the unknown. In recent times a new factor, a desire to make use of this knowledge for better and higher service in strengthening the mutual bonds that link together the whole human race, has come into play. Love and sympathy have first to be evoked in one's self; but they cannot develop and become effective in the place where they originate. They must at once be freely bestowed and transferred beyond self. The average man bestows these gifts on those who are near and dear to him — wife, family, parents, relations, friends — in a widening circle. And as the circle of love and sympathy widens, so do his own happiness and peace grow fuller and deeper, and he longs to extend it beyond the bounds of earthly and visible existence.

The East long ago investigated and studied what are called spiritistic phenomena, and the results of their studies are found implicit in the vast mass of Oriental religious literature. They have obtained the acceptance of the bulk of all Eastern peoples. The

Eastern point of view on matters of this kind should interest many investigators in Europe and America. It will suggest lines of thought which may explain much that is strange and puzzling at the present stage of knowledge in the West, and help investigators in their own quest after the unknown. The records of experience in regard to life here and hereafter, and beings seen and unseen, have been handed down by tradition and have been incorporated in the religious literature of the East, not as matters requiring investigation and proof, but as accepted facts that had been investigated and realized long ago by our ancient teachers and their remote ancestors. We now no more think of inquiring and experimenting for ourselves as to the existence of other beings, or the conditions and characteristics of such beings, than a person here thinks of investigating for himself the conclusions of science in connection with everyday physical phenomena.

The Old World views in regard to spiritistic phenomena can be summarized in a few general statements. Life consists of beings in innumerable stages of existence without beginning and without end. We realize life in the average human unit in the expression, more or less, of six senses — those of Sight, Hearing, Smell, Taste, Touch, and Thought. These senses are expressed by the different organs of the sensory body, and Thought is a sense and has its organ like any other. Each

of these may be developed in various stages of intensity. The expression of one or more senses may be entirely absent or very slight, and sometimes almost imperceptible, while the expression of others may be more pronounced than the average in its intensity. The differences and variations in different individuals are innumerable and hardly measurable.

It follows, in accepting this view, that it is possible that there can be beings other than human in whom are found variations and differences in these same senses and sense-organs. There are beings whose physical state is denser or rarer, as the case may be, than the physical state of man or animal. Those with rarefied bodies are invisible to an average impression of sight. These beings with rarefied physical bodies are classified for the purpose of description in accordance with their stages of sense-development. For want of a better term the unseen are classed as 'spirits.' The word itself is not taken to define any unchangeable or permanent individual class; it is a relative term employed merely to express beings who are not usually perceived by the senses of average man.

Some of these unseen beings are classified as gross elementals, that is, spirits whose opportunities and senses are cramped, whose mental development and development of character are erratic, and therefore whose ideas of right and wrong are hardly measured by considerations of harmony. Their attributes of craving, passion, and self-delusion are at their full height, and their activities and life are governed by these conditions. There are others who are more advanced in the development of their character but still addicted to erratic action due to a predominance of one or more of the attributes of being, till we come to

others of higher and higher scales of harmonious development.

Suffering, sorrow, and pain are the results of craving, passion, and delusion. In a being whose cravings, passions, and delusions are intensified the suffering is great in proportion. When these are diminished or under greater control, the suffering and pain are lessened and happiness is increased. The spirits ascend in the scale of happiness in proportion to the diminution and inhibition of the attributes of being. The higher the scale there is less sorrow and more happiness, till in certain higher spheres of development the experiences of the sense of pleasure, love, and sympathy are at their greatest intensity.

Birth, death, and being* cease only when craving, passion, and delusion are entirely eliminated in the long upward march of beings. All beings that we speak of are subject to birth, death, and re-being, which occur in consonance with nature. Nature is conceived as existing in the three conditions — namely, the continuous element of change marked by its two great crises of birth and death.

Everything is in a state of continuous change. In consequence of these changes there is absence of harmony, and the resulting disharmony may be scarcely perceptible or may be extremely violent. All things are correlated to each other, a change in one acting on every other.

The phenomenon of birth in a physical sense is varied according to the state of the senses and organs of senses of each particular class. We know of the conditions of birth in a physical sense in animals and human beings. We know of the division and multiplication of organic living cells. Births in the sphere of the unseen differ

*To the Eastern 'being' implies craving, passion, and the activities which follow on them, and is therefore, and in this sense, an evil.

in accordance with the state of sense and sense-organs existing in that sphere. They necessarily do not bear any physiological resemblance to what we notice in the animal world.

Death is the dissolution of the senses and sense-organs through various means, through effluxion of time, through age, and through cessation of functions. The span of natural life in one stage differs from the span of natural life in another stage; we know only of the average span physiologically in average man and animal. We are aware that certain conditions make a considerable alteration in the time of this dissolution. The less dense the physical form, the greater is the average time that it takes before dissolution sets in. In the unseen world the span may be comparatively great according to the state of the development of the senses and sense-organs. The sense-organs have no permanent character. They are only media where activity takes shape.

Activity is 'being' and produces force, and this force, which has a distinctive character directly resulting from the diversity of activities, we call Karma. When sense-organs dissolve, force that has been shaped through them does not disappear. It remains distinct so long as it is not merged in harmony. There is no harmony so long as the activities of being are tinged with the variations due to craving, passion, and delusion. In describing the phenomena of electricity the terms 'positive' and 'negative' are used to denote variations whose real nature is hardly understood, except that they describe conditions which are dissimilar. We can in like manner describe the force of being, or Karma, as having an indefinite number of variations and not merely positive and negative.

The electric force sent out by a

wireless operator is caught by another operator through the medium of an apparatus sensitive to the particular wave of force. Similarly the Karma, when freed from a particular group of sense aggregations, gets itself expressed in a nascent field suitable for its manifestation, and this is the sense in which we understand survival and reincarnation, or re-being. This suitability may be slight or intensive. One Karma cannot combine with any other distinct from it, for each has its own individuality, as activities differ in different individuals. For that very reason a Karma cannot take its field in any other sense-group which is already under manifestation.

It is not quite easy to demonstrate re-being by any actual physical analogy. We have already mentioned the three attributes that constitute being, namely, craving, passion, and delusion. Happiness consists in the weakening and uprooting of these; the less one possesses or is possessed by them the greater is the state of happiness. In life and its activities there is a continual striving for happiness. Various methods are followed, some consciously and of set purpose, and others unconsciously and without feeling that one is trying for anything special. The codes of ethics, the sanctions of society, and the teachings of religion, all aim at gaining this object. Some of the means adopted are more effective than others: some lead straight to the goal; others take devious paths; but activity is continuous, and this activity shapes itself and carries with it its sum of results which continue on and on till its object is gained of uprooting its motive power, craving, passion, and delusion.

There is one aspect in this continuous activity for gaining happiness and diminishing craving, passion, and de-

lusion which one has to bear in mind — that of the interdependence of all beings. It is the progress of the whole. To accomplish this process, each unit has to improve itself. The greater is the perfection of each unit, the greater is the progress of the whole. The unit at every turn finds it difficult to progress if it thinks of itself without realizing its relation to others.

A continuity of acquired character is manifested in re-being. The sphere in which the re-being takes place is largely determined by the attitude of the conscious mind at the time of dissolution. At this time the mental process becomes active. With the release of energy required in the maintenance of the senses which more or less cling to the body, the thought-sense is freed and made active and potent. Before the mind's eye appear all the immediate past activities—the cravings, the passions, and self-delusions, the combat against these, the training undergone to resist and subdue these, the joys that accrued from such resistance, and the sorrows and pangs due to their manifestation. These crystallize, as it were, and take shape.

When a being dissolves with thought-results shaped by craving, passion, and self-delusion, he passes into spheres of darkness and suffering, where such conditions find easy root. Where these defects are more or less under control he passes on to spheres of light, peace, and rest in consonance with the predominant thought-ideas. If a person's dissolution sets in with his faculties unimpaired and in happy surroundings, unworried by cares, cravings, and passions, his future being is cast in a happy sphere. In Eastern countries friends and relatives remaining near a person at his dissolution endeavor to do their best to relate to the dying person the good

acts he accomplished in his life — they endeavor to remind him that nothing is permanent, that he is himself but a part of the ocean of beings, that he should have no cravings nor passions. He is thus helped to a harmonious shaping of his last thoughts.

The old writings and traditions of the East go into minute details of the various divisions of unseen beings. The spirits of the unseen world range from suffering spirits to shining spirits.

To the lowest form belong those in the dark spheres, where there is much suffering and sorrow, and they are beings whose cravings, passions, and self-delusions have been great.

Next in order come spirits who are near to the earth; who have obtained their re-being with a prominent expression of craving or passion, but whose suffering is less and whose freedom is greater than that of the former class.

These are also malevolent spirits whose powers and freedom are great, but who suffer from passion.

In the fourth class there are the shining spirits—those who enjoy pleasure and happiness in varying degrees.

To the fifth class belong the tranquil spirits, whose happiness is great and whose faculties for the enjoyment of the senses of the mind are high.

To the sixth class belong the fine and subtle spirits who have no individual form, but are thought-groups in the enjoyment of transcendent tranquility, and happiness.

In the spirit-spheres there are activities and there are all the changes of moods and conditions due to the activities of the senses, expressed differently from the human environment, to suit the conditions prevailing among them according to the development of their various sense-organs. There is individuality; there is varia-

tion of development and attainment. There are those who lead and those who follow. There are society, association, and attachments.

There are conditions under which man can have access to the spirit-world. The manner in which a human being can communicate with the spirit-world is one that has received much attention in Eastern writings. The physical senses of a normal man differ from the physical senses of a spirit in different degrees. In certain individuals some of the senses are abnormal. By practice and training it is possible to make the senses either finer and more sensitive or denser and more resistive to impressions. In some human subjects we find in their sense-perceptions great variations from the normal. Where a man is able to approximate some of his sense-resources to those of the spirit-world he becomes a medium through which communications can be established. Thus we have three conditions under which a person can get in touch with the unseen world:—

1. Where there is manifested a natural abnormal development of some of the senses.

2. Where by practice and by concentration through the repetition of words or phrases, and by adopting other devices and controlled activities, certain senses are approximated to those of some of the beings in the spirit-world.

3. Where mental training is practised for the advancement of any faculties such as those related to certain religious practices.

The first of these includes mediums. In the majority of cases a medium will be found to be abnormal in one or more of his senses, and is often unbalanced. Some of the senses thus weakened and others that have been strengthened enable him to get into

touch with spirits, some of whose senses or faculties approximate those of the medium. The use of the planchette, the crystal, or even the automatic hand, concentrates the abnormal faculty enabling the spirit to make the communication.

In the second class can be placed magicians, or those who are said to practise witchcraft by various formulae and rites. They induce conditions in their own senses, or the senses of others subjected to them, approximating them to those of some of the spirits. In the first division a medium, through his natural abnormality of the senses, is enabled to communicate with spirits of weak powers. In the second case when a magician or necromancer practises his art for gain or for acquiring power for his own sordid purposes, he usually comes in contact with gross spirits, who possess also characteristics mostly of an unsympathetic nature, and who, if the opportunity occurs, may perpetrate acts that are far from agreeable.

The third case is that where the senses are well trained and where mercy, compassion, love, and altruism predominate, and where the subject attains a state of ecstasy. This state is obtained by great religious teachers and adepts, who work for the uplifting of humanity and who are able to help both man and the unseen spirits to a higher state of harmony and beneficent activity.

The spirits themselves, when their ties are close to earth and when their cravings prompt them, try to get in touch with the human world through similar means. The advanced spirits whose passions and cravings are far removed from the earthly sphere and whose enjoyment and happiness are great, do not, as a rule, desire any communication with the earth mediums—only under two conditions

would some of them express themselves to man. One is where they are eager to do some service to humanity and where they find some human being who is likely to be able to carry this out. The second is where through compassion and love, by some timely warning or otherwise, they attempt to avert or modify some avoidable evil or calamity. The powers of spirits have similar limitations to those of the human race. They do not possess miraculous powers. Their powers are governed according to the development of their senses. They cannot foretell any event except through deductive reasoning, but where their senses are greatly developed they may be able to make the deductions with better knowledge and insight than man, and they can sometimes describe things with greater detail where their sense-perceptions are acute. In other matters they may not be able to go so far as the average human being, when through any circumstances their sense-development and sense-conditions prevent them from perceiving what the average human sense perceives.

There are certain grades of spirits who desire when they are in a weak state the help of human beings and the help and sympathy of those whom they regarded as near and dear to them, and this help can be communicated just as among the living. Every kind thought and wish extended towards these spirits helps them in their development. Those who die a sudden death without having time for reflection and composing their minds, those who at their dissolution have some longing or passion, are weak spirits that specially benefit from the kind thoughts of the living. Buddhists have a definite method in their religious practices of daily sending out their thoughts of love, compassion, and kindness to all beings. They

specially think of those who had been near and dear to them; the spirits of such, if born in any of the weak spheres, expect this help from their friends. The relatives and friends do special deeds of charity and acts of love, so that they may extend their kind thoughts—which have been thus exalted and ennobled—to their departed friends. When these thoughts reach the departed they feel exalted and become stronger and happier. This may be described as the Buddhist or naturalistic version of the Catholic or ecclesiastical doctrine of Purgatory and masses for the dead.

[*Land and Water*]

AMERICA AT WIMBLEDON

BY H. S.

It seems only the other day that we were at Wimbledon watching a somewhat disappointing wind-up of the world's championship meeting. Yet a good deal has happened since then. Quite a short while after the curtain had been rung down upon the championships at the Theatre Royal, Wimbledon, it was rung up at Eastbourne for the encounter between America and France in the Davis Cup, and at the end of this week it will again be rung up at Wimbledon for the next act in the Davis Cup drama, and the one in which the British Isles team makes its first appearance. Originally it was proposed to stage this act at Scarborough, so as to give the good people of the North a chance of seeing some of the stars who had been performing to crowded houses in the South, but at the last moment it was found that the theatre at Scarborough could not be got ready in time, and so it is Wimbledon once more.

In a Davis Cup tie the captain of a side is allowed to leave his final selec-

tion from the four players originally nominated by the association of the country which he represents until the eve of the encounter. At the moment of writing, therefore, I only know what we have all known for some time past, that Kingscote, Parke, Barrett, and Mavrogordato are the four from whom the British Isles team in its final form will be evolved. I expect, and even hope, that the final choice will rest upon Kingscote and Parke both for the singles and the doubles.

As regards the singles there can be no 'possible, probable, shadow of doubt whatever.' Kingscote and Parke are clearly indicated as the men for the job.

Now, a noticeable feature of this year's Wimbledon was that the form of all the best players engaged seemed to vary appreciably almost from day to day. (Please note that I say 'appreciably,' for since players are human beings and not machines one expects their form to vary to some extent.) The exception was Shimidzu, whose consistency took him to the final over the dead bodies of players who at their best would probably have beaten him. Of the others, Tilden, though good enough to win every time, was at his best when he beat Parke. He was keen on beating the man who had beaten Johnston; he was fresh and free from the knee trouble which undoubtedly hampered him during the second week of the tournament. On the other hand, Parke was not as good against Tilden as he was against Johnston. I say this deliberately as the result of very careful observation of the play, and without regard to the actual scores, in the two matches which I am contrasting. For the same reason I think that Tilden's second-best display was given when he beat Kingscote. In other words, I think that if the Tilden who beat Kingscote

had happened to meet the Parke who beat Johnston we might have seen rather a level match. Leaving out Patterson, whose chance of making amends for an unlooked-for 'slump' in the challenge round will come later, I think that though we must obviously give America best as far as Wimbledon is concerned, we have a couple in Kingscote and Parke who will still take a lot of beating in the Davis Cup.

As far as the doubles match is concerned Kingscote and Parke got into the final at Wimbledon, and that ought to be good enough. Barrett, as we all know, is a very fine doubles player, a wonderful tactician, and a man who keeps his head in the critical stages of a match, but there is nothing to indicate that if he were paired with any of the other three, that couple would make a better combination than Kingscote and Parke. The partnership of these two was an experiment when Wimbledon began; by the time it ended they had played together quite often enough and quite well enough to be rated as a pair in being, and I think it would be a mistake either to sunder them or to pass them over.

There was room for speculation over the tie between America and France because the contestants had not met at Wimbledon except in the doubles. Gobert had fallen somewhat ingloriously before Shimidzu in a match in which we only had occasional glimpses of the real Gobert, and in which we had a good illustration of the value of that consistency and retrieving power, coupled with a good deal of aggressiveness at well-chosen moments, which were destined to take Shimidzu to the final. Laurentz had been unexpectedly beaten by his compatriot Brugnon, who in his turn had been effaced by Williams, whom he happened to find in his merriest mood, hitting at everything and bringing everything

off. When Williams is playing like this he is capable of beating anybody, but in the next round very little went right for him, and he was beaten by Mavrogordato. 'Everything wonderful; everything out,' was Decugis' summing up of the situation. We had to remind ourselves that Williams had twice been champion of America. But that is by the way, for in the match with France Williams' services were not requisitioned.

In the doubles at Wimbledon Gobert and Laurentz met Tilden and Johnston in the second round and were beaten, but when, after a poor start, they began to play in something like their true form, they very nearly succeeded in pulling the match round, for they won the third set, and if the fourth, which they only lost at 9/7, had gone their way, too, anything might have happened. One felt after the match was over that if the two pairs met again the Frenchmen might possibly win, but that they would have to be at their very best to do it. The Americans, on the other hand, would be fortified by the belief that what they could do once they could do a second time.

In the event, America won by 'three up and two to play,' and only lost one set while so doing. This reads like a one-sided victory, and so it was in a sense, but it would be untrue to describe it as runaway. Having regard to the conditions — a soft, slippery court and a gusty wind — the Frenchmen played a good bit better than I expected them to, and they were up against opponents who were both playing superlatively well. Laurentz was the better of the two, both in singles and doubles, and to him belongs the honor of scoring France's solitary set in his single against Tilden. It was the first set of the match and quite a curiosity in its way, for the first four

games all went against the service, and in the course of them Tilden served five double faults and Laurentz three. Laurentz secured the winning lead by taking the seventh game against Tilden's service and played extraordinarily well in the next game, in which Tilden tried hard to retaliate, but failed. Laurentz thus became 5/5 and went out at 6/4. Laurentz continued to prosper in the second set, for he again won a service game off Tilden quite early.

This time, however, Tilden was able to retaliate at once, and as it happened Laurentz never again succeeded in winning a game against the service, whereas Tilden did this twice more in the second set, twice in the third, and once in the fourth, which sufficed to give him these three sets by 6/2, 6/1, and 6/3 respectively.

There was one occasion, on the opening day (Thursday), when, in the quarter of an hour during which play was possible, we saw what I call the real Gobert. Johnston had gone to 4/1, and Gobert, playing in a very inadequate pair of steel points, had fallen once. Gobert weighs over 14 stone and that is a lot of weight to cart about on a slippery court. However, he rallied in a most unexpected way, completely mastered Johnston in the next two games, and so reduced his lead to 4/3; but with the score at 30 all in the next game they had to stop, and we never saw the real Gobert any more. Next day I think it may fairly be said that Johnston had the measure of him all through, although the second set ran to 8/6 after Johnston had been within an ace of winning it at 6/4. It is Gobert's failing to make up his mind too soon that the Fates are dead against him.

Of the doubles there is not much to be said except that this time the Americans were clearly the stronger pair,

and that the Wimbledon result never looked like being reversed. In a regular hammer-and-tongs match Johnston gave an exhibition of hard driving off the service which I do not believe S. H. Smith has ever equaled. When these mighty slogs were coming off it meant a game against the Frenchmen's service, and though Johnston and Tilden lost a service game or so — to be strictly accurate they lost one each — they won, in the course of the match, no fewer than nine service games from the Frenchmen. Hence the score 6/2, 6/3, 6/2. Laurentz was the better man of the losing couple. Gobert was again slow and irresolute and very inaccurate off the ground.

We shall without any doubt see Johnston and Tilden both in singles and doubles, and we shall probably see them win. I have already said above that our men are capable of putting up a great fight and that their case is by no means hopeless, but the mischief of it is that they have got three Wimbledon results staring them in the face which will take a lot of reversing, for Tilden and Johnston are to all intents and purposes the same thing as Williams and Garland — probably they are a shade better.

[Punch]

THE LEGEND OF HI-YOU

BY A. A. MILNE

In the days of Good King Carraway (dead now, poor fellow, but he had a pleasant time while he lasted) there lived a certain swineherd commonly called Hi-You. It was the duty of Hi-You to bring up one hundred and forty-one pigs for his master, and this he did with as much enthusiasm as the work permitted. But there were times when his profession failed him. In the blue days of summer Princes and Princesses, Lords and Ladies, Cham-

berlains and Enchanters would ride past him and leave him vaguely dissatisfied with his company, so that he would remove the straw from his mouth and gaze after them, wondering what it would be like to have as little regard for a swineherd as they. But when they were out of sight he would replace the straw in his mouth and fall with great diligence to the counting of his herd and such other duties as are required of the expert pig-tender, assuring himself that if a man could not be lively with one hundred and forty-one companions he must indeed be a poor-spirited sort of fellow.

Now there was one little black pig for whom Hi-You had a special tenderness. Just so, he often used to think, would he have felt toward a brother if this had been granted to him. It was not the color of the little pig nor the curliness of his tail (endearing though this was), nor even the melting expression in his eyes which warmed the swineherd's heart, but the feeling that intellectually this pig was as solitary among the hundred and forty others as Hi-You himself. Frederick (for that was the name which he had given to it) shared their food, their sleeping apartments, much indeed as did Hi-You, but he lived, or so it seemed to the other, an inner life of his own. In short Frederick was a soulful pig.

There could be only one reason for this: Frederick was a Prince in disguise. Some enchanter — it was a common enough happening in those days — annoyed by Frederick's father, or his uncle, or even by Frederick himself, had turned him into a small black pig until such time as the feeling between them had passed away. There was a Prince Frederick of Milvania who had disappeared suddenly; probably this was he. His complexion was darker now, his tail more curly, but the royal bearing was unmistakable.

It was natural then that, having little in common with his other hundred and forty charges, Hi-You should find himself drawn into ever closer companionship with Frederick. They would talk together in the intervals of acorn-hunting, Frederick's share of the conversation limited to 'Humphs,' unintelligible at first, but as the days went on seeming more and more charged with an inner meaning to Hi-You, until at last he could interpret every variation of grunt with which his small black friend responded. And indeed it was a pretty sight to see them sitting together on the top of a hill, the world at their feet, discussing at one time the political situation of Milvania, at another the latest ballad of the countryside, or even in their more hopeful moments planning what they should do when Frederick at last was restored to public life.

Now it chanced that one morning when Frederick and Hi-You were arguing together in a friendly manner over the new uniforms of the Town Guard (to the colors of which Frederick took exception) King Carraway himself passed that way, and being in a good humor stood for a moment listening to them.

'Well, well,' he said at last, 'well, well, well.'

In great surprise Hi-You looked up, and then, seeing that it was the King, jumped to his feet and bowed several times.

'Pardon, Your Majesty,' he stammered, 'I did not see Your Majesty. I was — I was talking.'

'To a pig,' laughed the King.

'To His Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Milvania,' said Hi-You proudly.

'I beg your pardon,' said the King; 'could I trouble you to say that again?'

'His Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Milvania.'

'Yes, that was what it sounded like last time.'

'Frederick,' murmured Hi-You in his friend's ear, 'this is His Majesty King Carraway. He lets me call him Frederick,' he added to the King.

'You don't mean to tell me,' said His Majesty, pointing to the pig, 'that *this* is Prince Frederick?'

'It is indeed, Sire. Such distressing incidents must often have occurred within Your Majesty's recollection.'

'They have, yes. Dear me, dear me.'

'Humph,' remarked Frederick, feeling it was time he said something.

'His Royal Highness says that he is very proud to meet so distinguished a monarch as Your Majesty.'

'Did he say that?' asked the King, surprised.

'Undoubtedly, Your Majesty.'

'Very good of him, I'm sure.'

'Humph,' said Frederick again.

'He adds,' explained Hi-You, 'that Your Majesty's great valor is only excelled by the distinction of Your Majesty's appearance.'

'Dear me,' said the King, 'I thought he was merely repeating himself. It seems to me very clever of you to understand so exactly what he is saying.'

'Humph,' said Frederick, feeling that it was about acorn time again.

'His Royal Highness is kind enough to say that we are very old friends.'

'Yes, of course, that must make a difference. One soon picks it up, no doubt. But we must not be inhospitable to so distinguished a visitor. Certainly he must stay with us at the Palace. And you had better come along too, my man, for it may well be that without your aid some of His Royal Highness's conversation would escape us. Prince Frederick of Milvania — dear me, dear me. This will be news for her Royal Highness.'

So, leaving the rest of the herd to

look after itself, as it was quite capable of doing, Frederick and Hi-You went to the Palace.

Now Her Royal Highness Princess Amaril was of an age to be married. Many Princes had sought her hand, but in vain, for she was as proud as she was beautiful. Indeed, her beauty was so great that those who looked upon it were blinded, as if they had gazed upon the sun at noonday — or so the Court Poet said, and he would not be likely to exaggerate. Wherefore Hi-You was filled with a great apprehension as he walked to the Palace, and Frederick, to whom the matter had been explained, was, it may be presumed, equally stirred within, although outwardly impassive. And, as they went, Hi-You murmured to his companion that it was quite all right, for that in any event she could not eat them, the which assurance Frederick, no doubt, was peculiarly glad to receive.

'Ah,' said the King, as they were shown into the Royal Library, 'that's right.' He turned to the Princess. 'My dear, prepare for a surprise.'

'Yes, Father,' said Amaril dutifully.

'This,' said His Majesty dramatically, throwing out a hand, 'is a Prince in disguise.'

'Which one, Father?' said Amaril.

'The small black one, of course,' said the King crossly; 'the other is merely his attendant. Hi, you, what's your name?'

The swineherd hastened to explain that His Majesty, with His Majesty's unfailing memory for names, had graciously mentioned it.

'You don't say anything,' said the King to his daughter.

Princess Amaril sighed.

'He is very handsome, Father,' she said, looking at Hi-You.

'Y-yes,' said the King, regarding Frederick (who was combing himself thoughtfully behind the left ear) with

considerable doubt, 'there is perhaps a certain elusive charm about him which an untrained eye might miss, but we must remember that appearances in this case are only temporary. The real beauty of Prince Frederick's character does not lie upon the surface, or anyhow — er — not at the moment.'

'No, Father,' sighed Amaril, and she looked at Hi-You again.

Now the swineherd, who with instinctive good breeding had taken the straw from his mouth on entering the Palace, was a well-set-up young fellow, such as might please even a Princess.

There was silence for a little while in the Royal Library, until Frederick realized that it was his turn to speak.

'Humph!' said Frederick.

'There!' said the King in great good humor. 'Now, my dear, let me tell you what that means. That means that His Royal Highness is delighted to meet so beautiful and distinguished a Princess.' He turned to Hi-You. 'Is n't that right, my man?'

'Perfectly correct, Your Majesty.'

'You see, my dear,' said the King complacently, 'one soon picks it up. Now in a little while —'

'Humph!' said Frederick again.

'What did that one mean, Father?' asked Amaril.

'That meant — er — that meant — well, it's a little hard to put it colloquially, but roughly it means' — he made a gesture with his hand — 'that we have — er — been having very charming weather lately.' He frowned vigorously at the swineherd.

'Exactly, Your Majesty,' said Hi-You. 'Charming weather for the time of year.'

'For the time of year, of course,' said the King hastily. 'One naturally assumes that. Well, my dear,' he went on to his daughter, 'I'm sure you will be glad to know that Prince Frederick has consented to stay with us for a

little. You will give orders that suitable apartments are to be prepared.'

'Yes, Father. What *are* suitable apartments?'

The King pulled at his beard and regarded Frederick doubtfully.

'Perhaps it would be better,' the Princess went on, looking at Hi-You, 'if this gentleman —'

'Of course, my dear, of course. Naturally His Royal Highness would wish to retain his suite.'

'Humph!' said Frederick, meaning, I imagine, that things were looking up.

Of all the Princes who from time to time had visited the Court none endeared himself so rapidly to the people as did Frederick of Milvania. His complete lack of vanity, his thoughtfulness, the intense reserve which so obviously indicated a strong character, his power of listening placidly to even the most tedious of local dignitaries, all these were virtues of which previous royal visitors had given no sign. Moreover on set occasions Prince Frederick could make a very pretty speech. True, this was read for him, owing to a slight affection of the throat which, as the Chancellor pointed out, His Royal Highness was temporarily suffering, but it would be couched in the most perfect taste and seasoned at suitable functions (such, for instance, as the opening of the first Public Baths) with a pleasantly restrained humor. Nor was there any doubt that the words were indeed the Prince's own, as dictated to Hi-You and by him put on paper for the Chancellor. For Hi-You himself never left the Palace.

'My dear,' said the King to his daughter one day, 'have you ever thought of marriage?'

'Often, Father,' said Amaril.

'I understand from the Chancellor that the people are expecting an announcement on the subject shortly.'

'We have n't got anything to announce, have we?'

'It's a pity that you were so hasty with your other suitors,' said the King thoughtfully. 'There is hardly a Prince left who is in any way eligible.'

'Except Prince Frederick,' said Amaril gently.

The King looked at her suspiciously and then looked away again, pulling at his beard.

'Of course,' went on Amaril, 'I don't know what your loving subjects would say about it.'

'My loving subjects,' said the King grimly, 'have been properly brought up. They believe — they have my authority for believing — that they are suffering from a disability of the eyesight laid upon them by a wicked enchanter, under which they see Princes as — er — pigs. That, if you remember, was this fellow Hi-You's suggestion. And a very sensible one.'

'But do you want Frederick as a son-in-law?'

'Well, that's the question. In his present shape he is perhaps not quite — not quite — well, how shall I put it?'

'Not quite,' suggested Amaril.

'Exactly. At the same time I think that there could be no harm in the announcement of a betrothal. The marriage, of course, would not be announced until —'

'Until the enchanter had removed his spell from the eyes of the people?'

'Quite so. You have no objection to that, my dear?'

'I am His Majesty's subject,' said Amaril dutifully.

'That's a good girl.' He patted the top of her head and dismissed her.

So the betrothal of His Royal Highness Frederick of Milvania to the Princess Amaril was announced, to the great joy of the people. And in the depths of the Palace Hi-You the swineherd was hard at work compound-

ing a potion which, he assured the King, would restore Frederick to his own princely form. And sometimes the Princess Amaril would help him at his work.

A month went by, and then Hi-You came to the King with news. He had compounded the magic potion. A few drops sprinkled discriminately on Frederick would restore him to his earlier shape, and the wedding could then be announced.

'Well, my man,' said His Majesty, genially, 'this is indeed pleasant hearing. We will sprinkle Frederick to-morrow. Really, I am very much in your debt; remind me after the ceremony to speak to the Lord Treasurer about the matter.'

'Say no more,' begged Hi-You. 'All I ask is to be allowed to depart in peace. Let me have a few hours alone with His Royal Highness in the form in which I have known him so long, and then, when he is himself again, let me go. For it is not meet that I should remain here as a perpetual reminder to His Royal Highness of what he would fain forget.'

'Well, that's very handsome of you, very handsome indeed. I see your point. Yes, it is better that you should go. But, before you go, there is just one thing. The people are under the impression that — er — an enchanter has — er — well, you remember what you yourself suggested.'

'I have thought of that,' said Hi-You, who seemed to have thought of everything. 'And I venture to propose that Your Majesty should announce that a great alchemist has been compounding a potion to relieve their blindness. A few drops of this will be introduced into the water of the Public Baths, and all those bathing therein will be healed.'

'A striking notion,' said the King. 'Indeed it was just about to occur to

me. I will proclaim to-morrow a public holiday, and give orders that it be celebrated in the baths. Then in the evening, when they are all clean — I should say "cured" — we will present their Prince to them.'

So it happened even as Hi-You had said, and in the evening the Prince, a model now of manly beauty, was presented to them, and they acclaimed him with cheers. And all noticed how lovingly the Princess regarded him and how he smiled upon her.

But the King gazed upon the Prince as one fascinated. Seven times he cleared his throat and seven times he failed to speak. And the eighth time he said, 'Your face is strangely familiar to me.'

'Perchance we met in Milvania,' said the Prince pleasantly.

Now the King had never been in Milvania. Wherefore he still gazed at the Prince and at length he said, 'What has happened to that Hi-You fellow?'

'You will never hear of him again,' said the Prince pleasantly.

'Oh!' said the King. And after that they feasted.

And some say that they feasted upon roast pig, but I say not. And some say that Hi-You had planned it all from the beginning, but I say not. And some say that it was the Princess Amaril who planned it, from the day when first she saw Hi-You, and with them I agree. For indeed I am very sure that when Hi-You was a swineherd upon the hills he believed truly that the little black pig with the curly tail was a Prince. And, though events in the end were too much for him, I like to think that Hi-You remained loyal to his friend, and that in his plush-lined sty in a quiet part of the Palace grounds Frederick passed a gentle old age, cheered from time to time by the visits of Amaril's children.

[The Poetry Review]

A STRANDED SUBMARINE

BY R. BURNES

The water dashes o'er thee to deride
Thine impotence: it hurls thee on the
land
Thou cam'st to ravage: helpless and
unmanned
Thine empty hulk tosses from side to
side.
Thou grizzly shape of Death! thou
fallen pride
Of conquered argosies! a master hand
Fashioned thy murderous engines: on
the sand
Thou liest now, the plaything of the
tide.
It lifts thee up or casts thee down: the
brine
Drips from thy decks: thou like a
stricken tree
That the fierce thunderbolt hath laid
supine
Liest in ruin here — the waves in glee
Thunder like cataracts, each groan of
thine
Drowned in the mocking laughter of
the sea.

[The Poetry Review]

DREAM HARVEST

BY GWEN NISBET

A voice came crying down the cobbled
street
Of that old world wherein the spirit
dwells
Of some whose prison bodies trudge
the earth; —
'Ho, citizens! Ho, dreamers! 'tis not
meet
That you, englamoured of yon silver
bells,
Sit idle — pensive — sad — or drunk
with mirth —
And your fields ripe! Bethink you of
your need —
*Harvest your dreams, ere yet they run to
seed!*

She leaned from lattice window her
black head
With purple-shadowed hair, the hue of
dreams
(Or was it golden? So bewildering fair
The dweller in the land of twilight
seems
To stranger eyes). She smiled on him,
and said —
'*Dream-seeds self-sow themselves, and
our ripe fields
Of garnered dreamheads, fresh young
dreams shall yield.*'

With eyes bemused, the stranger
passed him by
Unwitting all, for Life was his hard
name:
He knew of toil much, and of sleep
hard-earned
With gold for guerdon, or, mayhap,
small fame.
'Yet here,' he mused, 'do Earth's most
noble lie
In secret!' Fair the poppy harvest
shone;
Smiling, he turned and blessed it —
and passed on.

[The Poetry Review]

GRIEF

BY HILDA ROSETTA HARVEY

Brother! upon the dead spend not
your tears.
Our glorious dead! who in their life
So vivid, so brief, so brimming full of
strife,
Have lived a thousand years.
Unto the sky lift not your voice in
vain,
The deaf, resistless sky.
Our dead shall live when you and I
Are dust! shall live and live again,
For all their sacrifice
And splendid deeds are writ
Clear in Time's book. Their grit
And valor shall be told, not twice
Nor thrice, but passed from generation
Unto generation for all time,
And in the telling, brother, our dead —
Our glorious dead — are made sublime!